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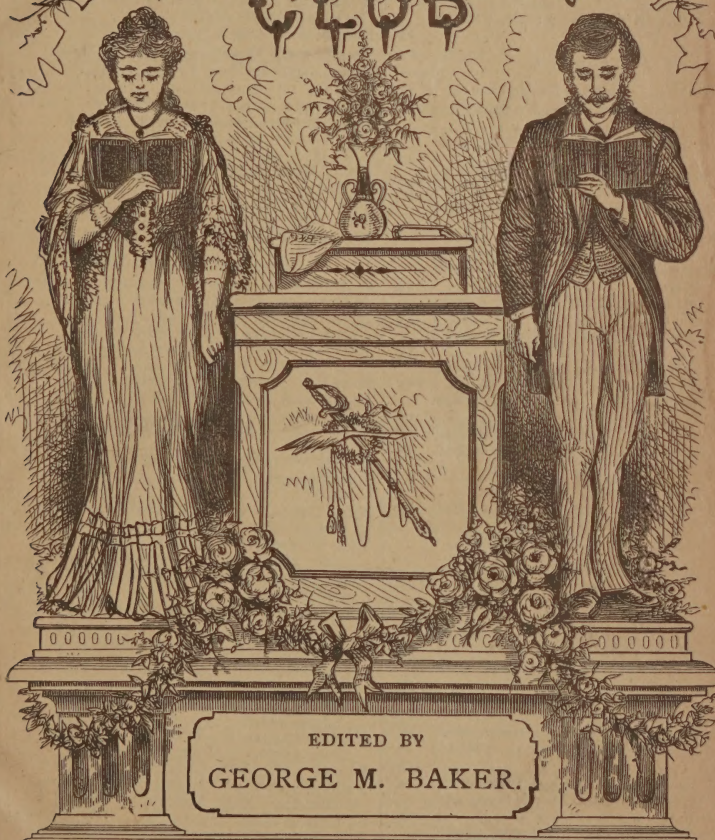

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON

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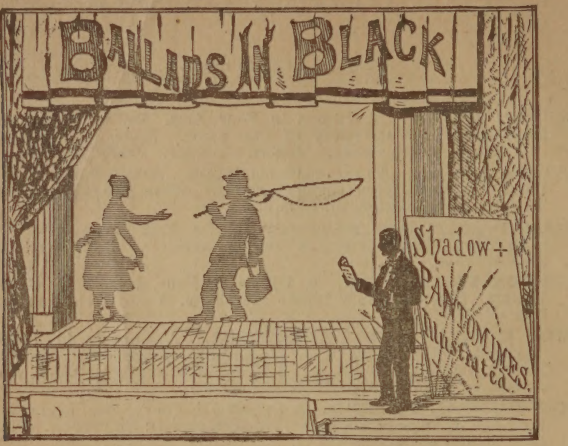

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FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 13.

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NOTE.

In the preparation of "The Reading Club," the editor endeavors to print only such selections as have not been used in other compilations. How successful he is in this, is shown by the appearance in rival readers and speakers, *after* they appear in "The Reading Club," of choice pieces, bearing unmistakable marks of his editing. To those authors who have kindly allowed the use of their productions, to friends who have loaned valuable scrap-books containing rare pieces, and to the press, "where all good things appear," the editor returns thanks for valuable assistance in the compilation of this volume. In all cases where the author is known, credit is given in the "contents." The twelve previous parts of this series have been so successful, that the appearance of this volume in time for the annual school exhibitions, it is hoped, will amply satisfy for a while those who are looking for something new.

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE DEATH OF MOGG MEGONE.

EXTRACT FROM MOGG MEGONE.[1]

From the rude board of Bonython,
Venison and succotash have gone;
For long these dwellers of the wood
Have felt the gnawing want of food.
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer.
With head averted, yet ready ear,
She stands by the side of her austere sire,
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls
On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting-flask
The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone:
"Will the sachem hear what his father shall ask?
Will be make his mark, that it may be known,
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,
From the sachem's own, to his father's hand?"
The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,
As he rises, the white man's bidding to do:
"Wuttamuttata — weekan! Mogg is wise, —
For the water he drinks is strong and new, —
Mogg's heart is great! will he shut his hand,
When his father asks for a little land?"

[1] From Whittier's Poems. By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn
On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow.
"Boon water, — boon water, — Sagamore John!
Wuttamuttata — weekan! our hearts will grow!"
He drinks yet deeper, — he mutters low;
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro;
His head falls down on his naked breast;
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Humph! drunk as a beast!" and Bonython's brow
Is darker than ever with evil thought.
"The fool has signed his warrant, but how
And when shall the deed be wrought?
Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is there,
To fix thy gaze in that empty air?
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought that tear,
Which shames thyself and our purpose here,
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping, —
This — this!" — he dashes his hand upon
The rattling stock of his loaded gun, —
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!" — the eye of Bonython
Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,
Hollow and deep, as it were spoken
By the unmoving tongue of death, —
Or from some statue's lips had broken, —
A sound without a breath!
"Father! my life I value less
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
And how it ends it matters not,
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;
But spare a while the scoff and threat, —
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl! I only meant
To draw up again the bow unbent.
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought
To frighten off thy gloomy thought:
Come, let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.

Ruth startles from her father's grasp,
As if each nerve and muscle felt,
Instinctively, the touch of guilt
Through all their subtle sympathies.
He points her to the sleeping Mogg:
"What shall be done with yonder dog?
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine;
The deed is signed, and the land is mine;
And this drunken fool is of use no more,
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom; and sooth,
'Twere Christian mercy to finish him, Ruth,
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor, —
If not for thine, at least for his sake,
Rather than let the poor dog awake
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride
Such a forest devil to run by his side, —
Such a Wetuomanit as thou wouldst make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush, what is there?
The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,
With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!
"Wagh! Mogg will have the pale-face's hair;
For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help
The hair to pull, and the skin to peel:
Let him cry like a woman, and twist like an eel,
The great Captain Scamman must lose his scalp!
And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with Mogg."
His eyes are fixed, but his lips draw in,
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin;
And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak, — she does not stir;
But she gazes down on the murderer,
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell
Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,
And the dark fingers clinching the bear-skin bed!
What thoughts of horror and madness whirl
Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye, —
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear, —

But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,
And I would not that even the wolves should hear."
He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt;
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;
And twice or thrice he feebly essays
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.

"I cannot," he mutters: "did he not save
My life from a cold and wintry grave,
When the storm came down from Agioochook,
And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops shook,
And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,
Till my knees grew weak, and I could not go,
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!
I cannot strike him. — Ruth Bonython!
In the Devil's name, tell me — what's to be done?"

Oh! when the soul, once pure and high,
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,
As, with the downcast star of morn,
Some gems of light are with it drawn,
And, through its night of darkness, play
Some tokens of its primal day, —
Some lofty feelings linger still, —
The strength to dare, the nerve to meet
Whatever threatens with defeat
Its all-indomitable will! —
But lacks the mean of mind and heart,
Though eager for the gains of crime,
Oft, at his chosen place and time,
The strength to bear his evil part;
And, shielded by his very Vice,
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect, with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red firelight: "Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!" The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away;

But fitfully there the hearth-fire burns,
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark! that cry
Again — and again — he sees it fall, —
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
He hears quick footsteps — a shape flits by —
The door on its rusted hinges creaks:
"Ruth! daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks.
But no sound comes back: he is standing alone
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

John G. Whittier.

SACRED RELICS OF THE PAST.

A CONDENSED FORM OF WENDELL PHILLIPS'S CELEBRATED SPEECH, DELIVERED IN 1876 AT THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON, IN FAVOR OF ITS PRESERVATION.[1]

A HUNDRED years ago our fathers announced this sublime and, as it seemed then, foolhardy declaration, that "God intended all men to be free and equal." A hundred years have rolled away since that venturous declaration; and to-day, with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with forty millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the sublime achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her life, and broken four millions of fetters, the great Republic, stronger than ever, launches into the second century of her existence. The history of the world has no such chapter in its breadth, its depth, its significance, or its bearing on future history. Well may we claim that this centennial year is the baptism of the human race into a new hope for humanity. Are we not entitled, then, coming with the sheaves of such a harvest in our hands, to say to the world, "Behold the blessing of God on our right faith in the human race!" Well, gentlemen, if that is the sober record,

[1] Condensed by Mrs. Francis M. Bartlett of Portsmouth, N.H., and approved by the author.

with how much pride, with what a thrill, with what tender and loyal reverence, may we not mark and cherish the spot where this marvellous enterprise began, the roof under which its first councils were held, where the air still trembles and burns with Otis and Sam Adams! Except the Holy City, is there any more memorable or sacred place on the face of the earth than the cradle of such a change? Athens has her Acropolis, but the Greek can point to no such results. London has her Palace and Tower, and her St. Stephen's Chapel; but the human race owes her no such memories. France has spots marked by the sublimest devotion: but the Mecca of the man who believes and hopes for the human race is not to Paris; it is to the seaboard cities of the Great Republic. And when the flag was assailed, when the merchant waked up from his gain, the scholar from his studies, and the regiments marched one by one through the streets, which were the pavements that thrilled under their footsteps? What walls did they salute as the regimental flags floated by to Gettysburg and Antietam? These! Our boys carried down to the battle-fields the memory of State Street, and Faneuil Hall, and the Old South Church. We had a signal prominence in those early days. It was not our merit: it was an accident perhaps. But it was a great accident in our favor, that the British Parliament chose Boston as the first and prominent object of its wrath. It was on the men of Boston that Lord North visited his revenge. It was our port that was to be shut, and its commerce annihilated. It was Sam Adams and John Hancock who enjoy the everlasting reward of being the only names excepted from the royal proclamation of forgiveness. It was only an accident; but it was an accident which, in the stirring history of the most momentous change the world has seen, placed Boston in the van. It was then a pretty town of some twenty thousand inhabitants; but "the rays of royal indignation collected upon it served only to illuminate, and could not consume." Here Sam Adams, the ablest and ripest statesman God gave to the epoch, forecast those measures which welded thirteen Colonies into one thunderbolt, and launched it at George the Third. Here Otis magnetized every boy into a desperate rebel.

The saving of this landmark is the best monument you can erect to the men of the Revolution. You spend forty thousand dollars here, and fifty thousand there, to put up a statue of some old hero. You want your sons to gaze on

the nearest approach to the features of those "dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." But what is a statue of Cicero, compared to standing where your voice echoes from pillar and wall that actually heard his philippics? Scholars have grown old and blind, striving to put their hands on the very spot where bold men spoke or brave men died. Shall we tear in pieces the roof that actually trembled to the words that made us a nation? It is impossible not to believe, if the spirits above us are permitted to know what passes in this terrestrial sphere, that Adams and Warren and Otis are to-day bending over us, asking that the scene of their immortal labors shall not be desecrated or blotted from the sight of men.

Consecrate it again to the memory and worship of a grateful people. You spend half a million for a schoolhouse. What school so eloquent as these walls to educate citizens? Napoleon turned his Simplon road aside to save a tree Cæsar had once mentioned. Won't you turn a street, or spare a quarter of an acre, to remind boys what sort of men their fathers were? Think twice before you touch these walls. We are the world's trustees. The Old South no more belongs to us than Luther's or Hampden's or Brutus' name does to Germany, England, or Rome. Each and all are held in trust as torchlight guides and inspiration for any man struggling for justice and ready to die for truth. The worship of great memories, noble deeds, sacred places (the poetry of history), is one of the keenest ripeners of such elements: seize greedily on every chance to save and emphasize them. We have a great future before us, how grand human forecast cannot measure. Yes, a great future, endangered by many and grave perils: our way out of them faith believes in, but mortal eye cannot see. It is wisdom to summon every ally, to save every possible help. Educate the people to noble purpose. Lift them to the level of the highest motive. Enforce by every possible appeal the influence of the best elements of our nature. Give me a people freshly and tenderly alive to such influences, and I will laugh at money-rings or demagogues armed with sensual temptations. Men marvelled at the uprising which hurled slavery to the dust. It was young men who dreamed dreams over patriot graves, enthusiasts wrapped in memories. "Recall every day one good thought, read one fine line," says the German Shakspeare. Yes, let every man's daily walk catch one ray of

golden light, and his pulse throb once each day nobly, as he passes these walls. No gold, no greed, can canker the heart of such a people. Once in their hands, neither need, greed, nor the clamor for wider streets, will ever desecrate what Adams and Warren and Otis made sacred to the liberties of men.

Wendell Phillips.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers;
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers:
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use, —
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and a trumpet to blow, —
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Lucretia Davidson.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

I CAN'T tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick;
But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick:
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out.
But take a seat: I'll try and tell jest how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine,
A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,
And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before,
The off-hoss run a splinter in his foot, and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole:
Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,
And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad-track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, reckollect, and so I had to spell:
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L;
And that spelt "rail," as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road."
I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dared to do't.
"Railroad crossing" — good enough! — L double-O-K, "look;"
And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was, "look out,"
I's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas all about;
F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the;"
And then I tried the next word; it commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there came an awful whack:
A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track;
The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash,
And I was h isted seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two;
But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled through:
It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team of mine;
But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign!

Hezekiah Strong.

GOIN' TO LIZA'S

Good-mornin', mars', good-mornin': may I come an' warm?
Ole Ben's been turned from many a do': Lord knows I'd do no harm —
'Pears like de people t'ought I'd steal. Oh! I'se tired out an' ole:
Now, won't you let de ole man in; for I is cole, so cole!

Oh, t'ank you, massa, t'ank you! dat fire feels mighty nice;
An' dese ole hands of mine, sah, feels mos' like chunks of ice:
Can't walk up spry any mo', sah, 'case dar's rheumatiz in my knees;
An' comin' up dat hill dar, mars', I done thought suah I'd freeze.

Wha' is I gwine? To York State, dat's de place:
I'se gwine to reach dar, mars', wif de help ob hebenly grace.
I'se gwine to see my Liza, Lord bress de chile!
Hain't seed her fo' fo'teen years, sah — 'pears like a dreffel while.

Oh, mars'! I want to see dat chile once mo' so bad!
Wha' is dat York State? If it's near by, den I'll be mighty glad,
For I can't walk much mo', mars', I feel done tired out;
But if I could jus' see Liza, I could fa'rly dance an' shout.

I'se come from Norf Ca'lina, mars', down on de ole Pedee:
We lib dar all alone, de ole woman, sah, an' me;
Till one day de good Lord tuck her, tuck her home to peace and joy, —
Tuck her home ter see her baby, little Dan, our darlin' boy.

Dan, he died before de wah, sah: den de wah it sot us free,
An' Liza left ole massa's mansion, an' de home on ole Pedee;
An' I'se gwine up to see her — Massa, 'scuse dis teah,
But it seems to me dat Liza's is a long ways off from heah.

But I mus' be goin' now, mus' be trablin' on:
I t'ank you fo' you kindness — 'pears like my strength war gone;
Wha' is de do' — mars'? why, I can scarcely see!
Ah! massa, can you tell me what has got wrong wif me?

Listen, massa! some one's callin': it's de angels callin' Ben;
An' I'll tell them ob yo' kindness, yo' reward you'll sure git den.
Ah! dey know dat Ben war tired, dat de ole man needed res';
But I'd like to seed my Liza — do' de Lord knows what is bes'.

Massa, I is gettin' sleepy — guess I'll take a little nap:
You can wake me, can't you, Massa? when de angels come an' rap;
Write to Liza; say her faddah — Oh, look! massa, don't you see?
Dar's de golden chariot waitin', — waitin' at de do' fo' me!

T. N. Cook.

"MAKE IT FOUR, YER HONOR."

Was ye iver in coort av a mornin',
When the shiverin' sinners come,
Like bastes from their iron cages,
To be tould their guilt and doom?
Some av thim bould and brazen,
Some av thim broke wid care,
Some av thim wild and wapin',
Or sullen wid black despair.

Oh! it's a sight inthirely
To take the heart away, —
The pitiful little children,
The ould ones dirthy and gray;

Crouchin' along the benches,
Tuckin' their rags about,
To hide the sorrow that's in thim,
And kape the couldness out.

There is the Judge above thim,
The coort's own officers;
Police, wid their long shillelahs,
Nate in their coats and stars.
Witnesses, too, a plinty;
Shysters to worry and bite,
And, hangin' about the railin',
The divil's own crew for fight.

Nine av the clock is sthrikin'
When the clark begins to read,
An' prisintly his Honor
Says to the coort, "Proceed."
Thin up they call ould Mary,
And thrimblin' there she stands:
The comb's forgotten that's felt her hair,
An' the soap that's seen her hands.

Larry, my boy, where are ye,
That came fram ould Galway,
An' brought in yer arms a darlin',
The swatest that crossed the say?
Could you see her now, all faded,
In her rags and sin and shame,
Yer heart it would break wid sorrow
That iver she bore yer name.

Then up spakes the Judge; an' says he,
"Mary, I've seen ye here,
How many times, can ye tell me,
Since it was the last new year?
Ye're scarcely quit av the prisin,
And here ye are the-day,
'For sthaling,' says the witness:
Now, what have ye to say?"

Shakin' her gray hairs backward
Out of her eyes and face:
"It's thrue that ye say, yer Honor,
And it's thrue it's my disgrace.

But it wasn't the coat I cared for:
It's shtarvin' I was to eat;
And I want a Christian shilter
Out av a Christless street.

"Sind me back to prisin;
For the winter it is cold,
And there isn't a heart that's warmin'
For the likes of me that's old.
There isn't a heart that's warmin',
Nor a hand that takes me in:
If I shtale to keep from shtarvin',
May God forgive the sin!"

Thin kindly spakes his Honor:
"Well, Mary, will it do
If I sind you to the prisin
For jist a month or two?"
"The jail's a friend," says Mary;
"I fear the winther more:
If ye pity me, yer Honor,
Ye'll plaze to make it four."

Anon.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

An old maid knelt beneath a maple-tree
With feelings wonderfully queer:
She prayed both long and fervently, —
"Kind Lord, consent my voice to hear:
Thou know'st my wish before my tongue
Can name it; but it doth belong
To me to ask if I'd receive, —
So thou hast taught, and I believe.
Thou knowest it is not wealth or power
My heart desireth every hour;
But 'tis a husband, Lord, I want!
Wilt thou the gift in kindness grant?
Oh! give me one that's kind and clever,
And thine shall be the praise forever."

A hoot-owl sat in the maple-tree
A jovial, happy owl was he.

He had been hid in the leaves all day,
Dozing and sleeping his time away;
But at the sound of the old maid's prayer
The bird awoke with a sudden stare:
Silent he sat till the prayer was through,
Then suddenly cried, "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

Down went the old maid on her face!
"And dost thou show such amazing grace
As to grant thy servant thy voice to hear,
Which has not before greeted mortal ear
Since Sinai shook to its very base
At its terrible tones! Oh, wondrous grace!"

Thus to herself did the old maid speak,
So badly scared, she was faint and weak,
And lay half senseless upon the ground
Till roused again by the terrible sound;
For again from the top of the tree was heard
The loud "Whoo, whoo!" of the ominous bird.
Then she answered, "Dear me! I hardly know who!
Most anybody, Lord, will do!"

Chattanooga Delta.

SEQUEL TO THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

The maiden rose, and sought her home,
Assured in time her lord would come.
Out under the tree where the old owl sat,
Stretched a lazy youth twirling his hat.
Hidden from view by the trunk of the tree,
His recumbent form she could not see.
But he'd listened intent to the old maid's prayer,
With interest keen and excitement rare.
It was seldom any thing roused him at all,
But oh, if there'd be no more labor's call!
So he soliloquized o'er and o'er,
And paced the sidewalk before her door.
"Did she not say any one would do,
When the hooting owl had asked her 'Who?'
And is she not rich in houses and lands,
With bonds and bank-stocks in her hands?

And, if she's so very easy to suit,
How happy she'll be with my beauty to boot,
With my polished grace and distinguished air,
My divine moustache and curling hair!
While I, with her cash to spend and swing,
Will be 'too-too utter' for any thing!"
So he stepped to her door, and rang the bell:
'Twas oped by herself, — oh, joy to tell!
In her pretty parlor he sat him down,
But on her face was an ominous frown:
He heeded it not; but, blind with conceit,
He cast himself at the old maid's feet.
"The Lord hath heard your prayer," said he:
Now thank him, my dear, who gives you me;
When you so modestly made him request,
How kind of him to send one of his best!"
The old maid jumped up with fire in her eyes,
And quite waked him up in her surprise:
"The Lord my inmost heart can see,
And I *know* he never sent *you* to me;
For *he* knows I want *neither monkey nor fool!*"
So she showed him the door with sarcasm cool;
And he went, and wrote her prayer for the press,
In revenge for his wrongs as some redress,
Omitting this sequel that I now append,
Signing myself the OLD MAID'S FRIEND.

Nell Grafton.

PEACE, BE STILL.

IT is evening on the shores of Galilee. The sun which had all day been pouring floods of light and warmth upon a busy, battling world, is sinking, while a few departing rays kiss the hilltops, then play and dance on the ripples of the lake.

The din of the noisy world is dying away in the distance; and nature seems to give way to a dreamy repose, refreshing the hearts of those who have been midst earth's burdens and delights, and hushing all their fears and hopes and longings. The stillness that reigns all around is broken only by the low murmur of the waves as they wash the shore, or by the rustling of the leaves stirred by the evening breeze,

and occasionally, too, by the note of some sweet songster soaring to his nest.

Like a beautiful panorama the country stretches before the view. On one side arise high cragged bluffs, whose summits loom into shadowy distance, while their bases are skirted with shrubbery; on the other side, green velvet hills slope gently toward the lake, which reposes in the valley below. The shores of the lake are dotted with clusters of palm and olive trees, laden with fruit; while through the thick foliage one has occasional glimpses of the quiet towns which lie scattered here and there. Groups of fishermen, carrying the results of their day's labor, are seen wending their way toward their peaceful huts.

Now a little ship is gliding over the smooth waters of the lake. In it are Jesus and his disciples. All the day Jesus has been busily engaged in healing the sick, and in teaching the multitudes who thronged to hear him: now, at even, fatigued with his day's toil, he lies down in the back part of the vessel, and falls asleep. His disciples are engaged in discussing the day's events. Do they not see the heavy banks that are slowly gathering, and darkening the sky which had long been so fair? Do they not hear the low rumble of the distant thunder, nor see the flash of lightning? Ah, yes! they are aware that a tempest is approaching, and their hearts quake with fear.

The wind, which had been so gentle as scarcely to sway the leaves of the trees, now begins to howl and blow with such fury as to bend their sturdy trunks, and lashes the vessel in its angry might. The darkness becomes thicker, the glare of lightning more vivid as flash follows flash, the thunder louder. Now a gust of wind shakes the ship, and threatens to upset it; the angry billows froth and foam, then break and fall hissing over the sides of the ship, nearly filling it with water. Wilder glares the lightning, nearer breaks the thunder, more fiercely shrieks the wind, more madly the waves lash the ship.

The disciples are sore afraid, and their faces pale with terror. They fear that their bark will be wrecked, and they plunged beneath the seething billows into the deep. Have they forgotten that Jesus is with them in the vessel? In their distress they turn to him; and their cry, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" awakes him. Jesus, ever willing and ready to help the perishing when they thus

earnestly beseech him, hastens to rescue his disciples. No trace of fear is on his face as he arises, and calmly surveys the angry waters; then, above the roar and tumult of the elements, is heard his voice, "Peace, be still." A pause; the wind ceases; the awful voice of thunder, too, is hushed: the troubled waters sink to rest, and there is a great calm.

A RAM FOR OULD OIRELAND.

Mr. Patrick Mulcahey made a morning call upon the Widow O'Flaherty at her castle on the rocks in the upper part of this city. He was attired in his best, and the preliminaries of politeness between the distinguished guest and the superb *chatelaine* were all that the occasion could call for.

"I kem to ax yez," then remarked the Mulcahey, "phwat ye're willin' to do for the cause this mornin'."

"Phwat cause is that, now, Misther Mulcahey?"

"An' phwat should it be, mim, but the cause av ould Oireland?"

"Sure, an' I'm gettin' toired, sor. Many's the dime an' many's the dollar I've paid in till the cause; but still they do be shootin' an' hangin' the byes, an' the bloodhy Saxin gits fat on the best blood av ould Oireland."

"It won't be fur long now, Misthress O'Flaherty. We're raisin' a fund to pay fur a ram."

"A ram is it? An' phwat wud yez be doin' wid a ram?"

"A ram, Misthress O'Flaherty, wud butt the shtuffin' out av the biggest ironclad that iver floated, an' sink the British navy quicker'n a thirsty man wud take a drink, an' shwape the bloodhy Saxin from the says."

"It's a quare notion intoirely, sor. Is it a ram that wud shwim in the say?"

"In the say, and over the say, an' undher the say, Misthress O'Flaherty. An' thin, mim, it's so aisy to kape, wance we git it. Only a coal-oil can, as I may say."

"Thrue for yez, Mr. Mulcahey. Or a tematy can, or anny other kind av a can, wid a few yards av thayater bills for a lunch."

"Phwat will yez give, thin, Misthress O'Flaherty?"

"If it's a ram will do the wurruk, sor, I'll take the whole ixpinse on mesilf."

"The whole ixpinse? Do yez know phwat ye're sayin', mim?"

"Throth an' I do, sor. I'll giv the last bit av propherty I've got to the cause av ould Oireland. I'll giv yez Teddy, me own billy-goat, the pride av Shantytown; an' I pity the Saxin that wud shtand fornenst him. Look at him, sor, as he climbs the rocks! By the same token, Misther Mulcahey, ye'd better shlip quietly dune the back way, as Teddy has set his two eyes on yez, and he'd butt the last board off the shanty but phwat he'd git at yez."

As Mr. Mulcahey tumbled down the cliff, the fair *chatelaine* consoled him with a promise to keep the ram until he should call for it.

CHOOSING A COW.

Good mornin', Square! I'm glad to see ye; walk in, and take a cheer,—
Naow dew: it's most uncommon warm, so airly in the year.
And what a dreadful heat you're in! Why, if you had a wife,
She wouldn't let you work so hard, and resk your precious life!

You'll try my cookies, won't you, Square? I've just got through my bakin'.
Dear me! I'd made a batch the day poor Elihu was taken,—
That very day: he'd eat a dozen. Now, Square, excoose me, dew,—
Somehow I always think of *him* whenever I see *you!*

Another cooky? don't say No; and try my ginger-beer,
It's very coolin' for the blood — dew drink it, Square, don't fear.
You want to buy a caow of me? Wal, I've got one to sell.
You see her in the pasture there? that brown one with the bell.

The kindest creetur; and her milk! why, Square, it's jest like cream —
What's that you say? You'd rather have the one across the stream?

Why, that's old Brindle; wal, of course, she's just as good as gold,
Gives twenty quarts a day. You think that mebbe she's too old?

Then there's my spotted heifer next, my favorite, I must say.
Ef you choose her you'll get the calf, jest four weeks old to-day.
She don't quite suit? Wal, there's two more, — that white caow and that dun,
They'd orter suit you. You don't think you fancy either one?

Why don't you take the red one there — an Alderney, you know?
You thought I had another caow? I haven't, but — don't go!
I'm feelin' rather flustered, Square, and bargainin' is vain,
Unless — ef *I'm* the caow you want, why don't you say so plain!

E. T. Corbett.

"LITTLE POTTER'S" STORY.

HOW HE WIPED OUT A TROUBLESOME RECORD.

A SHORT, little, square-built, dark-skinned, twinkling-eyed young fellow was known the regiment over as "Little Potter." The name came from his trade before war-times, and from the fact that he was always talking shop, and examining clays with the enthusiasm of a geologist. He had the faculty of becoming interested in any thing that any other man was doing. Standing near the picket-fire, though uncomfortable himself, he could always suggest a way in which to make the coffee boil, and would gather up splinters and chips, and pile under or about the little kettle, with the keenest enjoyment, although the coffee belonged to the most taciturn man in the company. He showed this kindly interest in every man's affairs, and of course was universally liked. At Shiloh, in the midst of the second day's battle, Little Potter left the company to get water for himself and several companions. A quick change of position, a new line-of-battle formation, took place after his departure, and Little Potter was seen no more

for several days. After the rebels retreated, he was discovered acting as nurse at the brigade hospital. He couldn't find the regiment on his return, but found the hospital; and the division surgeon ordered him on duty, and, discovering his excellence as a nurse, would not let him return to the company. There was a quarrel between the captain and the surgeon; the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who had made a mistake through no fault of his own. The captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialled. The sentence was that he should forfeit six months' pay. The men of the company were indignant, but Potter said nothing. The stoppage of six months' pay told sorely on him; but he weathered the storm, and came out as serene as though he had never been court-martialled.

Much clothing was lost at Shiloh, and a list was made out of clothing lost in battle. The sergeant would ask, "Well, Blame, what did you lose at Shiloh?" Answer, "An overcoat and knapsack." — "What did you lose at Shiloh, Potter?" With indescribable drollery Potter said, with a sort of lisp that was characteristic, "I lotht theventy-eight dollarth." This was the only reference he made to the court-martial and six months' pay until the morning of the terrible Dec. 31, at Stone River. In the hurry of the company formation for battle, Little Potter was the first man in place after the orderly; and, though the shortest man in the company, he held his place there in face of the rule to the contrary. There was a sweeping charge. That company left their dead farther to the front than any other regiment in action that day. They were cruelly crushed, relentlessly driven. Little Potter was a giant in doing. He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered. With a precision that would under other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, and while it was every man for himself. As he was ramming home a load, a ball struck him in the fleshy part of the leg, cutting a great gash and tearing his clothes. He was advised to go to the rear. The reply was, "I will show them who is a coward." A shot struck him in the shoulder, and he became deadly pale. Still, with teeth and right hand, he managed to load his gun, and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh, and he fell. He was dragged to a stump, and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He delib-

erately crawled round, and placed himself so as to face the rebels; and, as the company gave back in one of those almost hand-to-hand fights, Little Potter kissed his hand to the men nearest him, and nestled down with a sigh of relief. Days afterward the sergeant found a pair of bright eyes glittering from festoons of white sheet in a hospital at Murfreesborough. They belonged to Little Potter, broken-legged, broken-armed, and bandaged. He could not move, and could hardly speak. But as the tearful men bent over him he lisped, "We wakthed them, didn't we?" The rebels found him braced against the stump, punching at them with his gun held in one hand as they ran by. He was taken to the hospital; and here, day after day, went his old comrades to see him. They did more: they wrote to Gen. Rosecrans, telling the simple story. They carried the letter along the red-tape line, from brigade headquarters to division, from division to corps, from corps to army headquarters; and returned with an order from Rosecrans himself, directing that the six months' pay be restored to Little Potter; that all charges on the record be erased; that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress-parade, and that a copy be sent to the man who had behaved so nobly. The order was read on dress-parade; and the document with all its array of indorsements, and Old Rosa's letter, were carried to Little Potter by men who could scarcely speak. He seemed like one transfigured as one of his old-time friends read and re-read the order and letter. He had it held down to his eyes so that he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears. "Now, boys, I don't care to get well. It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was determined to get well, and wipe it out, you know. But now, torn up as I am, it is better to die." And the next morning, with the order and Old Rosa's letter on his breast, Little Potter died. And still can we hear the grizzly old surgeon's words, as he came to the cot: "Dead? Why — God bless the boy!"

DRINKING A TEAR.

WHY JOSH SPILLIT REFUSED TO DRINK LIQUOR.

"Boys, I won't drink without you drink what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper

of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions, is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor-oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink, and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit; and I expect it's a scarce article. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a passel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. 'Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree, an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey, an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out thar drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report, and told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night; an' when I woke in the morning, thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'.

"'I wish I had suthin' to drink,' s's I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her, and went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dipped up a cupful, an' fotch it to me. Jes' as she was handin' it to me, she leaned over to hide her eyes: I seed a tear drop in the water. I took the cup, an' drunk the water and the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never after drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinking them for the last twenty years, and that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk: you were all in the gang. — Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

A SUNSET PROPHECY.

"JERUSALEM the Golden!
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy beauty, folden
In distance and in dream.
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away!"

Up to my window thrills the fresh young voice.
I drag me from my bed of pain,
Where through the heartless sheen of sunny hours
I and my old, old grief have lain.
All the heat has passed from the western sky,—
Pale-green, and barred with sunset glow,—
'Mid the burnished leaves of the maple-boughs
A girl swings lightly to and fro.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!"

Ah! but the way is long, the gate is high,
The shining stair is hard to win:
Glory is there — my load of care is here,
Present my sorrow. Is it sin
That voices spent with weeping cannot shout?
Remember, Lord, the finger laid
Upon thy garment's hem, and turn to me
With "Daughter, peace: be not afraid."

"Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing!"

I think, were I this very hour to stand
In that dear land, unbound and free,
I should not even hear the echoing psalms
That tell the singers' mastery.

With scarred hands crossed, with tired lids folded down
On eyes that could know tears no more,
I'd lie — a battered shallop, moored at last,
In some calm inlet of the shore.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
There all our birds that flew,
Our flowers but half-unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew!"

Our birds that fled from frost and bitter skies;
Our buds that perished on the stalk;
Dew-pearls, that slid between our careful hands,
And wasted on life's dusty walk!
We weep, by day, the priceless, scattered gems,
In deathless love, our withered flowers,
And, for the vanished songsters of our homes,
Mourn sore in midnight's silent hours.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
I toil on, day by day.
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands, and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest."

How long, how long, O Healer! Thou dost know
It is not in me to "hold still;"
In meekness, like thy saintly ones, to wait
The unfolding of thy gracious will.
Yet, weak and restless, with blurred eyes I gaze
Upward to thine, and kiss the rod
Which shows my chastened soul the steps that lead
O'er heights thy blessed feet have trod.

Still swings the girl 'mid scarlet maple-leaves,
And chants her sunset prophecy;
Sun-gleam and blossom, tree and singing-bird,
Rapture to her, and soothing unto me.

Down steadfast lines of light, set ladder-wise,
To both, God's viewless angels come;
"Jerusalem the Golden!" still she sings,
And I—"Jerusalem my home!"

Marion Harland.

CANDOR.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said;
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall:
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And I can imagine what made it so.
Now, aren't you, honestly?"—"Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said.
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, aren't you, honestly?"—"Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said.
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
"And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer:
Why, everybody has seen it here!
"Now, aren't you, honestly?"—"Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said.
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?"—"Ye-es," she said.

Harper's Weekly.

ART IS PITILESS.

Shall I tell you a story of Bessie, a dear little girl I know, —
A story of "once on a time," though it wasn't so long ago?
A blue-eyed darling was Bessie, with gleams of the sun in her hair,
And you scarcely could count the dimples that played in her cheeks so fair.
Now, Bessie's mother and father had only herself to love,
And her presence was glad as the sunshine that fell from the skiesa bove.
There ne'er was a care or a trouble that came to them any day,
But wee little Bessie was ready to "comfort the worry away."

It was only a poor little cottage that Bessie could call her home,
But dearly she loved the meadows where daily she used to roam;
And it happened one day that she went there with many a sorrowful trace
Of tears and childish amazement all over the dear little face.
The reason? Ah! only that morning old Brindle, the cow; had died,
And no money to buy another, and Bessie's mamma had cried;
And Bessie had heard her father sigh, and oh! so wearily say
Something about "the bills, wife, and little wherewith to pay."

So out in the fields went Bessie, but left her dimples behind:
And I guess that even the birdies knew something was on her mind;
For she quietly gathered her flowers, nor even lifted her eyes
Till a voice said, "Heigh-ho, little maiden!" and made her start with surprise.
Twas only an artist searching the field and meadows that day
For some beautiful picture to sketch; and what should come in his way
But the sweetest of all sweet subjects, — a wee little brown-faced girl,
Her sunbonnet hiding her blushes and many a golden curl!

But Bessie was shy of the stranger; shy and modest was she:
Coaxing would not persuade her. "I'll give you money," said he.
Ah! then indeed she was willing, and thought to herself, "Oh! now
I've found how to comfort poor mother, and father can buy a cow."
So down to the brook she went with him, her cheeks as red as a rose;
And, all the while thinking of "father," Bessie learned how to "pose."
Oh, but it was wearisome duty! The little round limbs grew weak;
And a tear from the blue eyes slipped softly, and washed the rose from her cheek.

Yes, "Art is pitiless," surely, for thirty long minutes went by;
And then the artist had finished, and looked with a smile in his eye
At his poor little tear-stained model. "Why, child, are you tired?" said he.
"I'm tired jus' for myself, sir, but not for *father*," said she.
Then home sped dear bonny Bessie, clasping her pennies so tight;
And back to her cheeks came the dimples, back to her eyes their glad light.
"O father! I'm put in a picture! See what I've brought to you now!
I tried not to mind being tired: 'twas for mother, and you — and the cow."

Mary D. Brine, in Our Continent.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS BECKET.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing, a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running of course parallel to the nave, was a lady-chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices

were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir-tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels: of light from without, through the windows, at that hour there could have been none. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door, and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back, and re-opened the door with his own hands to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out among the wolves. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, — William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, — forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain, Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton, his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge — or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who staid, and was the only one certainly who showed any sense of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir, that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats, and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them if light fell upon it from candles in the lady-chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar; De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence: such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him: "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." — "They have made no satisfaction," he answered: "I will

not."—"Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him, certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time: with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed him in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you, in the name of God, that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far: his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy, and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had flung at him, swept his sword at him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm, and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head, and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister-door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said. "The traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Thomas Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr: he is justly served." Another said, scarcely feeling perhaps the meaning of the words, "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, — let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible; and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of a dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly wrought by his remains, the pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop ought not at once to be adored as a saint in heaven.

James Anthony Froude.

THE OLD TWINE STRING.

Not a bouquet of rare exotics,
Made by a gardener's cunning skill;
Only a bunch of common roses,
Withered and dead, but fragrant still,
Though it's full four years, in the coming spring,
Since he tied them up with an old twine string.

"A bunch of roses, dead and dry;
And why," quoth I, "should it be kept,
When even the day that made it dear
Is dead to me, and all unwept?
And surely," I said, "'tis a worthless thing,
With the stems tied up in an old twine string."

But somehow then that simple knot,
That held through all those changing years,
Touched, all at once, a tender spot,
And filled my eyes with sudden tears.
"He tied it," I said, "like a 'trothal ring,—
Tied a true-love knot in the old twine string.

"Alack!" I said, "the twine is strong:
It holdeth fast, through time and tears."
I put the roses softly back:
I'll keep them, yet, a few more years
(I wonder I did such a silly thing),
For the foolish knot in the old twine string.

Maria L. Eve.

LITTLE ELFIN'S PLEA.

THE season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage; when "Please, mi ladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, mis-shapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo; while the eager and wistful look in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well!" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please,"— in sweet broken English; and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up the fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was her answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest.

The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes in a flame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, oh! mi ladi, I could die."

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at five;" and, holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage, and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphal chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook; and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. The curtain rolled up for the last time; and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause; and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice. She stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain, of "Farewell, Sweet Land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before princes.

Mary L. Wright.

HOW VERA CRUZ WAS WON.

A BALLAD OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

THE night is wild and bitter, the prairie lies in snow;
And, hark! the wolves are howling, as round the fort they go;
Close in their guarded stable, the horses snort with fear.
Pile on the logs still higher: we'll give the night to cheer.

While some the haunch are broiling, and others spice the wine,
And some deck out the table with torches of the pine,
And some bring in the red game, or pastry crisply done,
I'll tell the story, comrades, how Vera Cruz was won!

You should have seen our transports, a hundred in a row,
Like stately swans they floated, majestically and slow.
Two days we headed southward, out on the boundless sea;
Two days gray Orizaba towered upon our lee.
At last the distant city flashed on the seaboard dim;
And crouched before it, watching, the lion castle grim.

Close by the beach we anchored; and with a mighty shout,
The boats were launched, the oars were down, and the long line shot out.
A moment in the breakers, — God help the gallant band!
The creamy foam is o'er them; huzza! they gain the land.
The starry flag is planted, a beacon blazing wide;
A hundred guns exulted, ten thousand men replied.

That night we slept untented, and often waked to hear
The jackal snarling near us, the foeman scouting near.
With day the battle opened: a dread, incessant roar
From fleet and fort and castle bellowed o'er sea and shore;
And while we dug the trenches, still blew the fiery gale,
And still above, about us, pattered the iron hail.

Sudden a trumpet sounded: we looked, and o'er the crest
Galloped a thousand lancers, their lances laid in rest.
"Now at them!" cried our leader: we mounted quick and bold.
"One charge upon the cravens!" and in the dust they rolled.
"Again!" and, riding down upon them, we crushed the rabble rout,
As with his hounds the hunter the harvest tramples out.

The norther next assailed us: the sand in clouds arose,
As when across the desert the deadly simoom blows.
The tents went down like rushes when tempests hurtle by;
The whizzing bombs incessant hissed viewless through the sky;
And the great sun, in anger, broke redly through the haze,
Like some fierce god of battle, his armor all ablaze.

Till night the conflict deepened; and when the darkness fell,
Death fiercer rode the whirlwind of raging shot and shell;
From trench and fleet we thundered; the leaguered walls
replied;
The stout old castle answered, flaming on every side;
The hum of shells enormous filled all the hollow air,
And the sky blazed with comets, shaking their fiery hair.

We heard the plunge of round-shot, embrasures crumbling
down,
The shrieks and wails of women from out the fated town,
The bells in terror ringing, the crash of falling domes;
We saw the red fire leaping high over happy homes;
It played on roof and steeple, it flashed from ocean's swell,
Till sea and town shone lurid like the red mouth of hell!

Four days the battle lasted, — four hapless nights and days;
Days black with smoke of Tophet, nights lit with sulphurous
blaze.
The fifth beheld a ruin. Where once had stood the town,
Were wall and church and dwelling, in chaos tumbled down.
The foe implored our mercy, and ere the set of sun
Our flag was on the ramparts. Thus Vera Cruz was won!

Anonymous.

TICKET O' LEAVE.

A VILLAGE DRAMA.

Who's getting married this morning? some o' the big folk?
No!
Leastways, not as you'd call such as nowadays big folks go.
It's only a common wedding: old Bradley's daughter Eve
Is a-saying "I will" in yonder, and the bridegroom's "Ticket
o' Leave."

You thought 'twas a big folks' wedding, because o' the crowd
maybe.
Well, it's one as the whole o' the village has come to the
church to see.
You needn't say you're a stranger: if you wasn't you'd know
their tale;
For, to find another as didn't, you might search ten mile and
fail.

"Ticket o' Leave" did I call him? I did, sir, and all round here
"Ticket o' Leave" we've called him for as nigh as maybe a year.
For he came back here from a prison: this is his native place,
And that was the jibe as his neighbors flung in his haggard face.

It's ten year ago since it happened, — that as brought all the shame, —
That as gave decent people the right to shrink at his name;
He was right-hand man to old Bradley, was Ned, — that is, "Ticket o' Leave," —
He was more like a son to the farmer, and he loved his daughter Eve.

Eve was the village beauty, with half the lads at her feet;
But she only gave 'em the chaff, sir, — it was Ned as got all the wheat.
They were sweethearts trothed and plighted, for old Bradley was nothing loath:
He had kissed the girl when she told him, and promised to help them both.

But Jack, his son, was his idol; a racketty, scapegrace lad —
Though to speak e'er a word agen him was to drive the old chap mad:
He worshipped the boy, — God help him! — the dearest to him on earth:
The wife of his early manhood had died in giving him birth.

To him, Jack was an angel; but over the village ale
The gossips who knew his capers could tell a different tale.
There were whispers of worse than folly, — of drunken bouts and of debt,
And of company Jack was keeping, into which it was bad to get.

Ned heard it all at the alehouse, smoking his pipe one night;
And he struck his fist on the table, and gave it them left and right.
He said it was lies, and dared them to breathe a word 'gen the lad.
He feared it might reach the farmer, but Ned knew as the boy was bad.

Old Bradley was weak and ailing: the doctor had whispered Ned
That a sudden shock would kill him, — that he held his life by a thread.
So that made Ned more than anxious to keep the slanders back
That were running rife in the village about the scapegrace Jack.

One night — I shall ne'er forget it, for it came like a thunder-clap —
The news came into the village, as they'd found a peddler chap
Smothered in blood, and senseless, shot and robbed on the green;
And they brought Ned back here handcuffed, two constables between.

At first we couldn't believe it as he could ha' been the man;
But one of our chaps had caught him just as he turned and ran, —
Had caught Ned there red-handed, with a gun and the peddler's gold;
And we went in a crowd to the station, where the rest of the tale was told.

The facts against Ned were damning. When they got the peddler round,
His wound was probed, and a bullet that fitted Ned's gun was found.
He'd been shot from behind a hedgerow, and had fallen and swooned away;
And Ned must have searched his victim, and have robbed him as he lay.

They kept it back from the farmer, who had taken at last to his bed.
Eve came, red-eyed, and told him that she'd had a quarrel with Ned,
And he'd gone away, had left them, and perhaps he wouldn't come back:
Old Bradley said he was sorry; then asked for his boy, his Jack.

And Jack, white-faced and trembling, he crept to the old man's side,
And was scarcely away from the homestead till after the farmer died.
On the night that death crossed the threshold, one last, long lingering look
At the face that was his dead darling's, the poor old farmer took.

As the shadows of twilight deepened, the long ago came back,
And his weak voice faintly whispered, "Lean over, and kiss me, Jack:
Let me take your kiss to heaven, to the mother who died for you."
And Eve sobbed out as she heard him, "Thank God, he never knew!"

In his lonely cell a felon heard of the old man's end,
In a letter his faithful sweetheart had conquered her grief to send;
And the load of his pain was lightened as he thought of what might have been,
Had Jack, and not he, been taken that night upon Parson's Green.

Five years went over the village, and then one midsummer eve
Came Ned back here as an outcast, — out on a ticket o' leave;
And all the people shunned him. The Bradleys had moved away,
For Jack had squandered the money in drink and in vice and play.

Poor Eve was up at the doctor's, his housekeeper grave and staid.
There was something about her manner that made her old flames afraid;
Not one of them went a-wooing: they said that her heart was dead, —
That it died on the day the judges sentenced her sweetheart Ned.

"Ticket o' Leave" they called him after he came back here.
God knows what he did for a living: he must have been starved, pretty near.

But he clung to the village somehow, — got an odd job now
and then;
But, whenever a farmer took him, there was grumbling among
the men.

He was flouted like that a twelvemonth: then suddenly came
a tale,
That a man out of our village had been sick in the county
jail, —
Sick unto death; and dying, he had eased his mind of a sin,
Hoping by that atonement some mercy above to win.

We knew it all that Sunday; for the parson, right out in
church,
He wiped away in a moment from Ned the felon smirch.
He told us his noble story, — how, following Jack that night,
He had seen him shoot at the peddler, and rob him, and take
to flight;

He had seized the gun and the money from the rascal's trem-
bling hand:
Jack fled at the sound of footsteps, and the rest you can
understand.
The word that he might have spoken, he kept to himself to
save,
For the sake of the dying father, the pitiful thief and knave.

He knew that the blow would hasten the death of one who
had done
More for him than father, who had treated him as a son.
And so he had suffered in silence, all through the weary years,
The felon's shame and the prison, and the merciless taunts
and jeers.

Hark! there's the organ pealing; see how the crowd divides;
Room for the best of fellows, room for the queen of brides.
Look at their happy faces: three cheers for the faithful Eve,
And three times three and another for Ned, the "Ticket o'
Leave!"

George R. Sims.

THE "O'MEARA CONSOLIDATED."

"THEY met by chance, the usual way," among the daughters of the wife of Adam. Said the one neighbor unto the other, —

"Good-mornin' till ye, Mrs. O'Meara."

Said the other unto the one, —

"Thank ye kindly, good-mornin', Mrs. McCracken. Yer lookin' well this mornin'."

"Och, but it's kind ways ye have, Mrs. O'Meara: ye'd be spakin' the cheerin' words if ye saw a poor body wid a fut in the grave. But I'm far from feelin' well: it's the ould distress in me chist, dear. It's airly ye're abroad the day, Mrs. O'Meara, but ye're always so industrious an' drivin'."

"Ye flatther me, Mrs. McCracken; but it's only in drivin' that there's ony thrivin' at these times — wid God's blessin', av course."

"Thrue fer ye, Mrs. O'Meara; an' thruly it's snug ye air at home now, mainin' but the honest words I shpake, an' no flatthery."

"Wid the blessin' o' God we're doin' fairly, — fairly, Mrs. McCracken."

"I wush I could get the saycret, Mrs. O'Meara. My Michael works ivery blessed day in the mines, but nothin' stays wid us."

"Do you collect assissments, Mrs. McCracken?"

"Assissments, Mrs. O'Meara? what would I be doin' wid collectin' assissments? Bad cess to it, woman: it's the other way wid us; for Michael he do be payin' assissments on this an' on that, ivery blessed month almost."

"An' where does he pay them, dear?"

"To the broker-shops, sure: where else would he pay thim, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"Why, to yourself, darlin'."

"To me, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"To yourself! Where else should he be payin' thim?"

"What for would he be payin' assissments to me?"

"What for does my Patrick pay assissments to me, but because I livil 'em on him, my dear?"

"On him? An' what is it for, darlin'?"

"It's for the stock he holds in the corporation, dear, — the interest he has in the O'Meara Consolidated. Do ye undershtand that now, — the O'M-e-ara Con-shol-idated?"

"What would that be, dear?"

"Originally it was Patrick O'Meara and Nora McCue, but was incorporated as the O'Meara Consolidated in 1865; first issue of stock in 1865, wid a new issue ivery two years since. It's what they call a close corporation, I belave; and I am both President and Board of Directhors, hold the controlling intrust, and livil assissment."

"I don't understand it at all, Mrs. O'Meara. An' what is that ye livil assissments on, dear?"

"On the stock, to be sure, woman, — on the live stock, do ye see? six shares now."

"Do you mane the childer?"

"What else would I mane? I'll tell ye, dear, for I see yer wits are wool-gatherin'. Ye see, for a long time Pathrick was buyin' this wild cat, an' that wild cat, an' all the cats was livilin' assissments, an' he a-payin' 'em an' kapin' us all at the point of shtarvation. I saw how things was goin', so I jist brought out on him the home incorporation; an' I says to him, 'Here now, sir, is the O'Meara Consolidated, a square location, secured by a patent, wid but six shares in it, an' showin' well as far as developed; now I livil on it my first assissment of twinty dollars a share.' Says he, 'Nora, ye're wus nor the wild cats: ye take me whole month's wages!' — 'Thrue,' says I; 'and I'll honestly spind ivery cint in improvements for the benefit of the company.'"

"An' did he shtand the assissment, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"He did, for he thought it a good joke at first; an' for two or three months he paid like a man."

"Thin he quit payin'?"

"He did."

"An' what thin, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"I sould him out."

"Sould him out! How could you sell him out?"

"Well, dear, he had due and legal notice. I first of all tould him it would be delinquent on such a day in the board; thin that it was advertised delinquent, an' that such a time would come the day o' sale. He thought it was a good joke, but when he kem home that evenin' he had no supper. I didn't cook a warm male in a month: I sint a lot o' furniture to the auction, an' cut him off in ivery way in his home comforts."

"An' what then, dear?"

"He never since refused to pay his regular assissments."

"Och, it's a wise woman ye air, Mrs. O'Meara. Good-mornin' till ye; an' wid the help o' God I'll incorporate the McCracken Consolidated this blissed day, an' livil me first assissment before I resht me haid on me pilly the night."

Virginia City Enterprise.

A VENGEANCE.

From savage pass and rugged shore
The noise of angry hosts had fled:
The bitter battle raged no more
Where fiery bolts had wrought their scars,
And where the dying and the dead
In many a woful heap were flung,
While night above the Ægean hung
Its melancholy maze of stars.

A boyish Greek, of princely line,
Lay splashed with blood and wounded sore:
His wan face in its anguish bore
The delicate symmetry divine
Carved by old sculptors of his land;
A broken blade was in his hand,
Half slipping from the forceless hold
That once had swayed it long and well;
And round his form in tatters fell
The velvet raiment flowered with gold.

But, while the calm night later grew,
He heard the stealthy, rustling sound
Of one who trailed on laggard knees
A shattered shape along the ground;
And soon with sharp surprise he knew
That in the encircling gloom profound
A fierce Turk crawled by slow degrees
To where in helpless pain he lay.
Then, too, he witnessed with dismay
That from the prone Turk's rancorous eye
Flashed the barbaric lurid trace
Of hate's indomitable hell, —
Such hate as death alone could quell,
As death alone could satisfy.

Closer the loitering figure drew,
With naked bosom red from fight,
With ruthless fingers clutching tight
A dagger stained by murderous hue,
Till now, in one great lurch, he threw
His whole frame forward, aiming quick
A deadly, inexorable blow,
That, weakly faltering, missed its mark,
And left the assassin breathing thick,
Levelled by nerveless overthrow,
There near the Greek chief, in the dark.

Then he that saw the baffled crime,
Half careless of his life's release,
Since death must win him soon as prey,
Turned on his foe a smile sublime
With pity, and the stars of Greece
Beheld him smile, and only they.

All night the two lay side by side,
Each near to death, yet living each;
All night the grim Turk moaned and cried,
Beset with pangs of horrid thirst,
Save when his dagger crept to reach,
By wandering, ineffectual way,
The prostrate Greek he yearned to slay,
And failure stung him till he cursed.

But when soft prophecies of morn
Had wrapped the sea in wistful white,
A band of men, with faces worn,
Clomb inland past a beetling height,
To find the young chief they adored,
Sought eagerly since fall of sun,
And now in ghastly change restored.
One raised a torch of ruddy shine;
And, kneeling by their leader, one
Set to his mouth a gourd of wine.

Then the young Greek, with wave of hand,
Showed the swart pagan at his side;
So motioning to the gathered band
That none could choose but understand,
"Let this man drink," he said, and died.

Edgar Fawcett in Lippincott's.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

The bustle of the fight was over. The prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock, and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of *protégé* of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle natures; and, from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence; while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say, for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself, and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight, I had owed my life to him.

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him!"

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;" and as the man spoke we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion; while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy! Occasionally a light current of wind — oh, how deliciously cool in that

pent-up hold! — eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful; but within the last half-hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said, —

"He is going fast, poor little fellow. Do you see this?" As he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life, — a poor, slight, unprotected child, — lying before me, with death already written on his brow; and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour! They noticed my agitation; and his old friend — the seaman that held his head — said sadly, —

"Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one when log's out" — he spoke with emotion — "to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around. "Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand: "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said, —

"You have been kind to me, sir, — kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed, —

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth!"

"Can I do any thing for you, Dick?" said I. "You saved my life: I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask; I don't want to live: only, if it's possible, let me be buried by mother. You will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk."

"Any thing, — every thing, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly, — it was like an angel's smile, — but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of the blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long ways up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come! and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead.

THE STATUE SCENE.

FROM SHAKSPEARE'S WINTER'S TALE (ADAPTED).

CHARACTERS.

LEONTES (*King of Sicilia*).
CAMILLO, CLEOMENES } (*Sicilian Lords*).
POLIXENES (*King of Bohemia*).
FLORIZEL (*His Son*).
HERMIONE (*Queen to Leontes*).
PERDITA (*Daughter to Leontes and Hermione*).
PAULINA (*Wife to Antigonus*).

COSTUMES.

LEONTES. Black-velvet long shirt below calf, black-velvet robe, both heavily trimmed with gold; flesh leggings, sandals, plain gold coronet.

POLIXENES. Amber-velvet shirt, green-velvet robe, both heavily trimmed with silver; fleshings and white sandals, gold coronet.

FLORIZEL. White-merino long shirt trimmed with gold, sky-blue robe heavily trimmed with gold; fleshings and blue sandals, gold coronet.

CAMILLO. Scarlet long shirt, and dark-blue robe; fleshings, sandals, and coronet.

CLEOMENES. Slate-colored long shirt, violet robe; fleshings, sandals, and coronet.

HERMIONE. Pale stone-colored Greek dress; draperies, stockings, sandals to match.

PAULINA. Black-merino dress and draperies, gold appointments.

PERDITA. White-merino dress and drapery, trimmed with gold.

SCENE. — *Peristyle of the Palace. An arch,* C., *with scarlet curtains down, back of which is pedestal and statue of* HERMIONE.

CLEOMENES. CAMILLO.
PAULINA. LEONTES.
FLORIZEL. PERDITA. POLIXENES.
R. H. L. H.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done: forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself.
Paul. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would be unparalleled.
Leon. I think so. Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor, — oh that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips —
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore no wife. I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. I should so. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blessed my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, give me the office
To choose you a queen, sir; but she shall be such,
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon, —
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon. Prepare
To see the life as lively mocked, as ever
Still sleep mocked death. Behold; and say, 'tis well.
(*Undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*)
I like your silence: it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak; — first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?
Leon. (*in amazement*). Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. — O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave (*advancing* C., *and kneels*),
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.
(FLORIZEL *raises her, and passes her to* R. H.)
Leon. Oh, masterpiece of art! Nature's deceived
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.
Paul. Oh, patience:
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have showed it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord:
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives. (*Going up*, C.)
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear, for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.
(*Music, very piano through dialogue.*)
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come.
(HERMIONE *turns towards* LEONTES.)
Leon. Heavenly powers! (HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal*).
Paul. (R. C.) Start not: her actions shall be as holy as
You hear my spell is lawful; nay, present your hand.
Leon. (L. C.) Support me, Heaven!
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold. My queen, my wife!
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport.
I cannot hold me longer from those arms.
She is warm — she lives! (*Embracing* HERMIONE.)
Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering owns
Its long-lost half: these tears, that choke her voice,

Are hot and moist — it is Hermione!
O, she's warm! (*Embracing her.*)
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Oh, make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair madam; (*To* PERDITA) kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

(*Music ceases. Presenting* PERDITA, HERMIONE *catches her in her arms.*)

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. —
My lord, my king — thus distance in those names —
My husband!

Leon. O my Hermione! have I deserved
That tender name? Be witness, holy powers,
If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
Leontes' tears have washed his crimes away.
If thanks unfeigned be all that you require,
Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain!

Her. No more my best loved lord; be all that's passed
Buried in this enfolding, and forgiven.

Leon. Thou matchless saint! — thou paragon of virtue!

Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honored hand.

Her. Tell me, mine own, where hast thou been preserved?
where lived? how found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear, that I —
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being — have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough; and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. No, no, Paulina;
Live blessed, with blessing others. My Polixenes —
What? Look upon my brother (POLIXENES *advances from* L. H.); both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. Come, our good Camillo,
Now pay thy duty here. Thy worth and honesty
Are richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. And my best queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by Heaven's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

"JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!"
Carelessly a little child,
In the sunshine, at her play,
Lisping sang, and sweetly smiled,
On a joyous April day, —
Sang with laughter light and droll,
Sang with mirth in each blue eye:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"

"Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!"
Sang a maiden with a face
Free from look of earthly care,

With a form of faultless grace,
  With a wreath of golden hair,—
Sang with heart by grief untried,
  Sang with no regretful past:
"Safe into the haven guide,
  Oh, receive my soul at last!"

"Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
  Still support and comfort me!"
Sang a mother while she bowed
  O'er her baby as it lay
Wrapped within its snowy shroud,
  On a dreary autumn day,—
Sang of hopes forever flown,
  Sang of eyes that could not see:
"Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!"

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing!"
Faint and weary in the race,
  In death's winter-evening gray,
With a sweet, angelic face,
  Dreamed a woman. Far away,
As the feeble twilight fled,
  Angels seemed with her to sing:
"Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing!"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
  Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
  While the tempest still is high!"
Ah, how soon our hopes decay!
  We must suffer and endure:
Strive and struggle as we may,
  Life is short, and death is sure.

We may hear the anthem roll
Throughout starry realms on high:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"

Eugene J. Hall.

A POLITICAL OUTFIT.

Be something, young man. If none of the existing parties suit you, organize one of your own, and go "sloshing around." But don't have a politic. Institute a war-cry. View with alarm, and point with pride, on your own hook; but do view and point. If you are very vigorous, you may also, at times, "recoil with horror." You may find this very effective toward the close of the campaign. If I had time, my son, I believe I could fit you out with a full and complete assortment of tools, weapons, and armor for politics. You should have, at the opening of the campaign, besides the matter already mentioned: One dozen kegs of nails, wherewith to nail enemy's lies. Shriek every time you nail a lie. Down with the Mormons. A few judicious lies to toss around carelessly, but not too early, just to keep him busy. Shout when you scatter them. Say something mean about the Mormons. A few "demands" for things that we already have, and have had for fifty years. Nobody will notice this if you only yell them out lustily, and with the air of a man who is saying something new. The older the "demand," the louder you must yell when you make it. "Demand" especially that the Mormons be suppressed. Some "pledge," more or less. Pledge yourself to something easy, — the abolition of Mormonism, the abolition of slavery, and unyielding opposition to the payment of the Confederate bonds by the sale of Ohio. Roar about it, and give it to the Mormons red-hot. Remember the soldiers. This is eminently proper, patriotic, and cheap. 'Twon't cost you a cent. Stand upon the house-tops, and in a loud voice call them "the defenders of the Republic," and declare that they shall have their rights. Along near the close of the campaign, you might promise them their lefts. That's what they'll get anyhow, but you needn't say any thing about that. Keep as noisy as possible, and howl,

"The Mormons must go!" Arraign the administration,—oh! every time arraign the administration. And a common arraignment will not do. If any platform contain not a scathing arraignment of the administration, the same is a liar and a horse-thief, be the same more or less. If, unfortunately, you are on the side of the administration, you must arraign the other side. But you labor under a great disadvantage, if you are in with the administration. It is so much easier to stand in the street, and throw stones at the window, than it is to stand in the window, and throw stones into the street. Demand the gradual resumption of specie payments. It has been accomplished so many years that most people have forgotten it, and this slogan will catch the greenbackers. There, that reminds me. By all means, have a slogan. No party is equipped for the contest unless it has a slogan. In some wards you will want a slogan that holds a quart.

R. J. Burdette.

THE EAGLET AND THE CHILD

I.

THE Baron cam' to his castle yet:
"O wifie, let me in!
For I wi' rain and bluid am wet,
And sair and weary blin'."
His leddy lookit down, and saw
Her dear lord standin' there,
Wi' bluid upon his brow o' snaw,
And on his yellow hair.

"Whaur hae ye been sae lang and late?
What deed is't ye hae dune?"
"I've brought our son an eaglet-mate
Frae Corriemulzie Linn.
The parent-eagles, fierce as fire,
Did strike me wi' their wings:
I gave them o' my dirk's keen ire,
And dyed the Corrie's springs.

"But bring babe Ronald forth to see
This plaything o' the wild"—

Rushed in the nurse: "Oh, wae is me!
An eagle's stown the child!"
"Awa', awa', ye guilty man!"
The anguished mither said;
"'Tis son for son, 'tis ban for ban:
O God, that I were dead!"

II.

The eagle cam' to the wren's nest:
"O Jenny, are ye in?
Some counsel gie me o' the best,
For I wi' grief am blin'."
And Jenny lookit out, and saw
The puir bedraigled king,
Wi' bluid upon his beak and claw,
And jaups on ilka wing.

"Whaur hae ye been sae late and lang?
What waefu' deed's been dune?"
"Oh, we hae tholed a cruel wrang
At Corriemulzie Linn:
The Baron climbed into our nest, —
Ower late we saw him there, —
And tore our darling frae our breast
To please his baby heir.

"But I hae played his ain dark game,
And reft his babe frae him:
What will he think when he gangs hame,
To find his cradle toom?
O Jenny! speak and counsel me,
And gie my heart relief:
It boils within me like a sea
Of fire, and rage, and grief."

"Awa', awa', ye cruel king,
Wha come for counsel here!
Your bluidy claw, your jaupit wing,
They shake my breast wi' fear.
Awa', and tak' the bairn wi' speed
Unto his mither's knee:
A kindly deed's a kingly deed
That sets the captive free."

III.

The human mither sobbit sair,
While round her and the chief
The eagle mither rent the air
Wi' cries o' rage and grief.
"O husband! tak' the eaglet hame
Unto his ain dear nest:
A parent's heart is a' the same
In man or eagle's breast."

The eaglet heard his mither's cry,
And shook his helpless wings,
And screamed a prayer into the sky,
As to the King of kings.
The Baron tossed the youngling free
Upon the dial-stane;
Then with a swoop, and clutch of glee,
The eagle had her ain.

Yet sair and sairer did she greet,—
Babe Ronald's mither fair:
"Oh, give me back my son, my sweet,
Ye powers of earth and air!"
"Be comforted, my wife, my joy,
And I'll redeem my sin:
I'll seek and find our darling boy
By Corriemulzie Linn."

But hark! a sound — a surge of wings —
O wonder! O delight!
The eagle, son and sire of kings,
Brought hame the baby wight;
Then, flashing into heaven wi' speed,
Shrieked forth exultingly, —
"A kindly deed's a kingly deed
That sets the captive free!"

Good Words.

THE STORY OF THE SWORDS.

WHERE the sunset glory falls
On my else so naked walls,
Crossed with a blade of later day
Hangs a sword that far away,
When the world was in its youth,
Fought for country, love, and truth.
Graven in strange characters on the gleaming supple steel,
Sworn by son to sire for centuries to keep through woe and weal,
Is the legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Forth it sprang in righteous wrath
If a coward crossed its path;
Out it leaped like a tongue of flame
If a light word with the name
Of a woman soiled the air;
On it flashed through dull despair,
As through sanguine dream of victory, at the bugle-call;
Whoso held it sworn forever to give love and life and all
For the legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Now it hangeth quietly,
Jewels shining steadily
In its wonderful war-worn head,
In its quaint and war-worn head;
And their beauty, fine and true,
Like eternal drops of dew,
Casts the glamour of the past over all the haunting dreams
Of the deadliness that sleepeth there, while ever brightly gleams
The old legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

And the blade of later time —
Straight and plain, unmarked by rhyme,
Bearing no motto old and quaint,

Wearing only, in letters faint,
Date and name, and with no gem
Fit for kingly diadem
Glittering in its slender hilt — deserves as well the poet's rhyme,
And the clinging crown of laurel, as the sword of ancient time,
With the legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Synonyme for grace of mien,
And for virtues rarely seen,
Is the old untarnished name
Graven on this blade; and fame
Dropped a wreath of immortelles —
White and golden immortelles —
On the head that Death laid low, face and hand against the foe,
In the hand this sword informèd with the spirit and the glow
Of the legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Heroes many live and die,
Whom fame's trumpet passes by;
Rough of speech, uncouth, unkempt,
Of world's grace they never dreamt:
But within a homely shell
Perfect pearls perchance may dwell;
Thus these homely hearts heroic, in the hour of need are found
Wanting naught; their swords are guided, though they never heard its sound,
By the legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Swords so wielded worthily
May be crossed with these you see
Hanging now so quietly,
Hanging now so peacefully,

Where the golden glory falls
On my else so barren walls:
Jewelled hilt and bending blade, or the straight and naked steel,
Each is precious if the soul that impelleth it doth feel
The old legend, —
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Adelaide Cilley Waldron.

A APELE FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT.

O SEXTANT of the meetin-house! which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to, and makes fiers,
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smels orful — wus than lampile,
And rings the bel, and toles it, and sweeps paths;
And for these services gits $100 per annum, —
Wich them that thinks deer let 'em try it:
Gittin up before starlite in all wethers, and
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins,
(I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some), —
But, but, o Sextant! there are one kermodity
Wuth more than gold, which don't cost nuthin;
Wuth more than any thing except the sole of man:
I mean pewer are, Sextant, I mean pewer are!
O it is plenty out o' dores, — so plenty it doant no
What on airth to do with itself, but flize about
Scaterin leaves and bloin off men's hats;
In short, it's jest as free as are out dores;
But, O Sextant! in our church it's scarce as piety,
Scarce as bankbils when ajunts beg for mishuns,
Wich sum say is purty often: taint nothing to me,
(What I give aint nothin to nobody).; but, O Sextant!
You shet 500 men, women, and children, —
Speshily the latter, — up in a tite place,
Sum has bad breths, none of em aint too sweet,
Sum is fevery, sum is scroflus, sum has bad teeth
And sum haint none, and sum aint over clean;

But evry one of 'em brethes in and out and out and in
Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half breths an hour:
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
I ask you: say fifteen minnets, and then what's to be did?
Why, then they must brethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down
At least ten times and let it up agin; and what's more,
The same individible doant hev the privilege
Of brethin his own are and no one's else:
Each one must take wotever comes to him.
O Sextant! doant you know our lungs is bellusses
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from
Going out? and how can bellusses blow without wind?
And aint wind are? I put it to your konshens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an Injun doctor,
Or little pills unto an omepath,
Or boze to gurls. Are is for us to brethe.
What signifies who preaches ef I can't brethe?
What's Pol? What's Pollus, to sinners who are ded, —
Ded for want of breth? Why, Sextant, when we dye
It's only cos we can't brethe no more, — that's all.
And now, O Sextant! let me beg of you
To let a leetle are into our cherch;
(Pewer are is sertin proper for the pews;)
And dew it week-days and on Sundys tew.
It aint much trubble: only make a hoal,
And then the are will come in of itself,
(It loves to come in where it can git warm).
And o how it will rouze the people up,
And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps
And yorns and fijits as effectool
As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels
Of.

Arabella Willson.

A COLORED SERMON.

My text is in the tenth ob Matthew, at the thirtieth verse: "But de very hars ob yer hed are all numbered." I hope, before I gets fro, to bring some sinner ter whar I was fetched ter at a meeting like dis. It is fourteen years ago last

month sence I quit grubbin' in the palmetto stubble ob sin, and begun workin' in de deep loam of righteousness. 'Fore den I use ter be as lost a sinner as any nigger on de Indian River. Dere warn't no boy in de gang (if I do say it) that could sw'ar more, chaw more terbacker, drink more whiskey, or jerk a chicken off de roost wid less noise, dan I could. I use ter loaf mos' all day, and prowl all night shore. One night I went to 'vival meetin' jess for fun and ter see de girls. At first I laffed to hear de brudders and sisters 'spress their feelin's; but de preacher had de power ob de sperrit mos' remarkable, and as he het wid his emotions I begun to get kinder skeered. Then I felt sorter creeps run all ober me, and I thort de shakes was comin' on; but then I knew I hadn't been exposed, and it warn't time ob de year for dem, and like a streek ob lightnin' it came ober me dat I was gettin' religion. I commenced ter holler, "Glory hallelujah! Glory ter God! I'm comin'!" and got down on ter my knees, and hollered more, and den I rolled on de floor, and flung out my arms and my legs, and kicked and stamped, fer I knew de spirit ob de Lord was rastlin' wid de debbil, and I yelled to de debbil, "Git outer dis yere chile!" and finally I fainted clean dun gone away. When I came ter myself, de brudders and sisters was strokin' me, and sayin', "He is saved, de Lord hab save him;" and I felt quiet and soothin' as tho' I war drinkin' buttermilk, and den I know dat my mortle soul was safe on de top shelf whar de debbil couldn't nebber reach it no more. De nex' mornin' I fine dat I hab lost my jack-knife, and broke de mainspring ter my watch, besides leavin' a good ombreller in de seat, which some Christian brudder or sister has took care on sence, I 'spose, as I hab nebber seen it again. But I didn't car. I win more dan I lose, for I got religion dat night.

But ter return ter de word ob de sacred book: "De hars ob yer head are all numbered." It is obverous dat de great Massa don't confine dis great pertickerlarity to de hooman race; fer we must look at de hazy word in de full scope, an' we see in de verse before dis dat not a sparrer falls ter de groun' widout de Fadder. So yer see dat de great Massa count de hars jess de same on eberyting, big an' little, as he do wid man. For dere is no doubt about it, dis am a big job, and no mortle man couldn't do it. I have heerd of a lightnin' figgerer up Norf dat can count faster dan all de returnin' boards in de Souf, but his countin' arn't no more to dis

yere in de tex' dan a fiddle-bug to a black b'ar. But some ob de big larnin' preachers say dat dis is a figger ob speech, and dat de Lord don't count all de hars he has made. Dey t'ink he couldn't do it, it would take too much time. But don't yer bleeve 'em. Dey is weak in de faith. When dey come ter a tough spot in de Holy Word, dey begin ter play sideways, and ter talk about wrong trackslations and de origernal Greek and all dem dodges. But don't yer weaken. I take de scripters jess as I fine 'em, and I take 'em straight and in de full strength. Now, ef dese big book men dat go prowlin' off in de side trails would let alone de 'rigernal Greek and stick to de tex', dey would have no trouble, it would all come right; fer de tex' don't say he counts all de hars on eberyting, but only de hars ob de head are numbered. Now, mos' eberyting don't hab much hars on de head, such as de mule and de bar, and den lots ob tings like de turtle and de 'gater and fish and birds don't hab any, and a good many ob de hooman families are babies widout har, and a good many are bald-headed, and all dat helps: so ef yer stick to de tex' yer see it ain't no onpossible job, and de Lord can do it easy. He don't count all hars, dat wouldn't be reasonable; but I say ter yer, don't go back on God's word, and dat all de hars ob de head are numbered, for de tex' says dey "are all numbered." (I hope dat little nigger who is making cat's-cradles out ob de shoestring he has sneaked out ob dat old man's shoe under de seat will remember dat God is counting de hars ob his head, and knows jess what game he is playing.) Yes, brudders and sisters, de great Massa cares for eberyting. What make him care for skeeters and snakes and fleas and 'gaters, is mor'n we know. Ef we had de countin' of dem, we'd count em out; but it is his notion, and we can't interfar. But dis yere good God, dat counts all de hars ob de hed, when he gets on de oder track is jess as strong agin yer as he was for yer afore, and he punish jess as mighty as he love. Mebbe some ob yer tink yer hab been punished in dis yer world; an' yer look back, an' t'ink how yer mudder useter draw yer up ober her knee, and take pine slat, and keep comin' wid it till it seemed as do' she wouldn't never stop, and as ef yer was all afire at de pint whar she was workin'; but dat wasn't nuffin' but strorberries and cream ter de fire and de heat and de pain dat de great Massa will give ter de onrepentant sinner. He will keep pilin' on de fire and stirrin' in de brimstone till de poor sinner can't bar it anudder minit, and den make him

bar it forebber. A white man de udder day tink he make me stumble 'cause I hain't no larnin'. He forgot dat all de prophets but one came from de ploughshare, and he ax me, "Whar did God come from?" Says I, "Whar did God come from — you ax me dat? Den I ax you, Whar did God come from?" And he said de Holy Book says God came from, — I forget de name of de place, — and de Holy One from Mount — I forget de name ob de mountain too. Says I, "Does de Scripters say dat?" Says he, "Dey do." Den said I, "God hab de right to come from dar. God made de mountain, and he hab de right to go dar ter make it; and if he had de right ter go dar to make it, he had de right ter come away from dar when he had got done." So yer see, when de white man thort he put me in de hole, he lose de argyment hisself.

George Stearns.

"TOM'S DEAD!"

He went out in the morning with a spirit light and gay,
And his happy lips were whistling a merry roundelay:
He kissed his wife and baby as he left them at the gate.
Who would have thought that night would see a home so desolate,
And that his sorrowing wife would cry, her eyes with weeping red, —
"Tom's dead!"

His shop was quite a mile away; he did not come to dine;
The glad girl mother worked all day to make the dear nest shine;
She had her supper-table set in Tom's own favorite style,
For well she knew that he would say, "I thank you," with a smile;
And dainty as a rose she watched behind the window's lace,
When all at once a whiteness overspread her lovely face.
"Tom's dead!"

It came upon her like a flash of lightning from the sky:
Tom, her dear Tom, who loved her so! oh, no! he could not die
Without a word or sign for her who loved him more than life;

And never paler lily grew than this affrighted wife.
A drunken ruffian fired a shot: life's strong cords snapped apart,
And Tom fell headlong in the street, a bullet through his heart.

A frenzied woman swiftly sprang, her eyes with horror dim:
She would not let them hold her back; she ran with speed to him;
She called his name in tenderest tones, and no one else could speak;
She laid upon his brow of stone her warm and quivering cheek;
She said the dearest, sweetest things that she had ever said:
But not the slightest breathing stirred the bosom of the dead.

The widow of an hour, at last they drew her from his side;
And stern men turned aside in haste, unwonted tears to hide:
If he had had a gentler death, the shadow of a joy
Would linger round the parting words that blessed his bride and boy;
And now — Well, God is over all; but, though poor Tom was dumb,
I do not think it was His will that he should die from rum.

The west winds softly blew, the hour they put him in his grave, —
A stalwart, splendid man, who bore a heart of honor brave,
A martyr to the damning drink that sows the earth with woe;
Where innocence that walks abroad its doom can never know.
What time a drunkard's maddened phase may do a murderous deed,
The law, that grants the draught to craze, is powerless to read.

How lonely is the fairy cot where love was once a guest!
The snow is piled upon the steps where not a foot is pressed;
The hearth is cold as you are, Tom, no firelight on it flits;
A mourner in her maiden home, a sombre woman sits;
Thy curl-crowned little one has she, he sports about her dress:
Because of others' sins to-day her boy is fatherless.

And somewhere, in a dreary cell, a bitter man is shut:
If he had freedom once again to grovel in a hut,
It would be paradise beside those grim and awful walls,
Whose stony barricade might be the mid-earth's granite halls,
They mock him with such rocky steeps, unscalable and high.
A branded criminal, he heaves a prisoner's weary sigh.

This is the end! O Eden! the serpent of the glass
Has wrought a grief that in thy bowers could never come to pass.
Sin trails the world with blackening stains, but God was kind to Eve:
He left her Adam. That was more than drunkenness would leave.
Ah! they who bow their minion souls, blood's brutal price to set,
Will shudder when a yawning hell shall claim its righteous debt.

The wide, sweet world is winter fair; I will not count the times
The angel's benediction has been rung in silvery chimes,
And "Peace, good-will," the Christmas bells again will swinging say:
But she who looks across the fields in many a twilight gray
Remembers of a starry eve when she and Tom were wed,
And Christmas bells are funeral bells to her since Tom is dead.

Laura G. W. White.

BOB.

Half way down on the bustling street,
Just as the day and the gaslight meet;

Just where the churchyard gloams between
The race unrun and the goal unseen;

And its bell-spire haunts the revels of trade
Like the skeleton guest where the feast is laid;

And trembles anon with a rusty chime
At the spectral touch of the hand of Time, —

Leans, in a nook of the sheltering wall,
Barefoot Bob, as the shadows fall.

Under his hat, and through many a tear,
Hang the tangled locks of his silken hair, —

Hair that a queen might have fondled and coiled,
Tangled and silken and sunny and soiled.

Under his hands that are weary and weak,
Down the haggard lines of his faded cheek,

The furrowing tears come bitter and keen,
With a moan unheard and a shudder unseen

By the hurrying crowds that jostle and weave
Their joys and cares on a Christmas eve.

Rosebud came through the glittering square.
Wavy and long was her golden hair;

Tingled her cheek with the bold caress
Of the wind that played with her rustling dress;

And the treasured coins in her dimpled hand
Were the talismans of a fairy-land,

Whose gorgeous gates were opening wide
To her dainty feet at this Christmas-tide;

And the wondering light in her glad blue eye
Kept time in its dance, as the crowd went by,

To the questioning prattle she threw away
On the tall, bent man, with the eye of gray,

Beside her, deaf to her restless tongue,
Whose thoughts were his ledger-lids among.

A vision of beauty there seemed to fall
On barefoot Bob by the churchyard-wall;

And a tremor shot through his freezing frame,
And a hungry light to his dull eye came;

For a warm hand nestled within his own,
And the golden locks were backward thrown;

And the great blue eyes that with tears were dim
In a sea of wondering seemed to swim:

Then a moment a shadow, a wave of doubt;
But the shining coins were half way out,

And the quivering lip grew sweetly calm
As they fell in the wanderer's wasted palm.

And the tall man smothered his rude reproof,
And an instant paused from the pair aloof;

And his strong frame shook with a nameless thrill,
And his hard eye softened against his will;

And a warm drop fell through its moistening lash
On the hand that was stroking his brown mustache:

For he thought of the footprints, aweary and sore,
That his own bleak boyhood had made, once more;

And he knew, through the past that was sullen and black,
What image the mirror of years threw back;

And his dull heart quickened its heedless throb,
And the world flew open to barefoot Bob.

Now ye in whose lives, at Christmas-tide,
Pleasure and plenty and beauty abide,

Joy winneth her wings from the fetters she frees,
And her crown from a crust to the "least of these."

J. C. B., in "Chaff."

THE RUINED MAN.

Who cares for nothing, alone is free:
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me.

With a careless heart and a merry eye,
He will laugh at the world, as the world goes by.

He laughs at power, and wealth, and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame.

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear;
At memory's dead leaves crisp and sear.

He laughs at the future, cold and dim;
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

Oh, that is the comrade fit for me!
He cares for nothing! his soul is free!

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine!
Sit down, good fellow: my heart is thine.

For I heed no custom, creed, or law:
I care for nothing I ever saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,
And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy; and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near;

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink his wine.

And he cares for nothing! a king is he:
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth,
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago, —

To a heavenly face in sweet repose,
To the lily's snow, and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor caught from Orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes, —

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the South;
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time, —
To innocence gone like a death-bell chime!

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
Dimly and seldomly understood.

And, last of all, to the monarch of Sin,
Who has conquered that palace, and reigns within!

My song is passing; it dies away:
I cannot tell is it night or day!

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall —
Your hand, good fellow: I die — that's all!

I cannot see — the end is nigh;
But we'll laugh together before I die!

Then cover me, will you, with grassy sod? —
The feared of man, the accursed of God!

William Winter.

POPPING CORN.

JOHN STILES, one lovely winter's night,
With heart all in a flutter,
Dressed in his best, went forth to call
On charming Susan Cutter.

She met him at the door herself;
And to his salutation
Bade him come in, for all alone
She might need some protection.

From home her parents both had gone
To 'tend the evening meeting,
And thus it happened that she gave
To him so kind a greeting.

Within she quickly ushered him;
And then, her heart inciting,
She bade him feel himself at home,
Without express inviting.

She drew the chairs up near the fire,
Yet not quite close together;
Asked him to seat himself, and then
Chatted about the weather;

The latest gossip in the town;
Who were engaged to marry;
The last sleigh-ride; and then the joke
She played on Horace Barry;

Recalling all the merry times,
With not a little boasting,
Especially the mazy dance,
The splendid time a-coasting;

Until at last, grown tired, she rose,
Brought out the corn and popper,
And in her blandest, sweetest voice,
Asked him to hold the hopper.

Full soon, right o'er the blazing coals,
The corn was snapping, cracking;
While neither spoke of what they thought,
For words, alas! seemed lacking.

And there they sat a-popping corn, —
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John fat as farmer Stebbins' ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

Shelling and popping, thus they sat
Around the cosey fire,
Unconsciously yet all the time
Hitching their chairs up nigher.

Susan, right merry with the sport,
At John her fun kept poking;
While he, forgetful of himself,
Came very near to choking.

The old folks from their meeting came,
Got warm, and then retired;
And then again broke out their talk
As though each were inspired.

Faster and faster flew their tongues,
Like grist from out the hopper:
The more they talked, the more there hopped
Of corn from out the popper.

The clock it struck the hour of ten;
And yet no thought of stopping
Entered the hearts of John and Sue,
Who still kept on their popping.

Later it grew, until at last,
For fear of indigestion,
Susan cried out, "I'm sick of this!
Why don't you pop the question?"

And so he did; and though 'twas late,
As the old clock kept saying,

Still from her side he could not haste,
But, lover-like, kept staying.

Popping the question, both forgot
The popping in the popper:
Naught heeded they, for love's young dream
On all else put a stopper.

At last, howe'er, she bade him go,
For fear, that, with the dawning,
The neighbors, seeing him, would say
He staid until the morning.

J. M. Thompson.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.

(1654.)

'Twas a Saturday night, midwinter;
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction;
"For heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent,
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow:
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago,—

Or ever Sir George went sailing[1]
Away o'er the wild sea-foam, —
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes a-strain:
"*See! See!*" — and the boy's hand pointed, —
"*There's a face at the window-pane!*"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am chief of the Roan-oke."

Straight in through the frightened children,
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone
From his shoulder a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see.
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said — to the children pointing —
"I want him to be like *them!*

[1] Sir George Yeardley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia in 1626.

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam:
I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water,
To break with the plough the sod,
To be kind to pappoose and woman,
To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" and the lady
Pressed forward with sudden cheer:
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
And drink of my Christmas beer. —
My sweethearts, this night remember,
All strangers are kith and kin, —
This night when the dear Lord's mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

. . . . . .

Next morn from the colony belfry
Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
And the lady with bright-eyed children
Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the chief in his skins and wampum,
Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
Broke fiercely a sullen cry;
"*Out! out with the crafty red-skin!*
Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
And swords from their sheaths flashed bare;
And men from their seats defiant
Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman
The thrust of the steel before;

And spake with a queenly gesture,
Her hand on the chief's brown breast:
"*Ye dare not impeach my honor!*
Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped at her word their weapons,
Half-shamed as the lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
Had shown on a Christmas Day!

Margaret J. Preston.

AN "ASSORTED" DECLAMATION.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And, should I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Pray view my ——

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears: I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house. —— Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. It is the birthday of the Father of his Country, and ——

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you or other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I, myself.
I was born as free as ——

that great ruffian who wears the badge of Ursini.

Shame upon you! Be we men, and suffer such dishonor? There was a Brutus once that would have brooked the eternal Devil to keep his state at Rome as easily as a king. ——

For this did Servius give us laws?
For this did Lucrece bleed?

For this did —— Patrick Henry Jackson lay his hand on his heart, and —— swear he was a paper doll with a glass eye and a wax tooth? Certainly he did! But to return to our "subjic."

> Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
> Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
> Will yer *sliver* it up to *gaves?*

It was the act of a coward who raises his hand to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him *fool*, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I do say —— we *must* discriminate.

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps — behold! — he was — my friend, faithful and just to *me*. I told the prætor the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on a funeral pyre, and mourn over its ashes. *Ay*, on my bended knees —— I supplicate you, reject not this bill. *Great Scott!* was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up, and cry, "Hold! I have seen the ALIENS do their duty." And yet this man never saw a *soldier* till he was fifty. Some doubt the courage of the negro. —— If there be any three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. —— Or any other man. —— But to return to our "subjic."

"He has it," cried the people, "*Habet, habet!*" for I would never lay down my arms, — never, *never!* NEVER!! It must not be, fathers, it must not be.

> The Eternal City shall be free;
> Her sons shall walk with princes.

Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace." There is no *peas*, — the barr'l's empty. But to return to our "subjic." —— And, sir, sir, I can tell you to your beard, sir, sir, you are not an honest man. —— Go to Hayti! Stand upon those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them —— "Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done?" Then go home, and tell your constituents you voted it down, and

> Shout "Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
> DeWilton to the block!"

And I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North, if they come here at this late day, and pronounce encomiums upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she stands, ——

With her foot upon the strands.

Behold her, and judge for yourselves.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them, ——

Hushed the people's swelling murmur, swelled the boy's strong, joyous cry. "Ring!" he shouts aloud, "Ring, grandfather, ring! oh, ring!" for LIBERTY *and* UNION, one and forever, now and inseparable. —— I beseech the house to pardon me, if I may have kindled on this subject into something of unseemly ardor, —— but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. —— Ah! gentlemen, that is a dreadful mistake. I am an aged man, without an enemy in the world. (Such a secret can be safe nowhere.) —— My race is run. My lamp of life is well-nigh extinguished. In a few more hours I expect to be cold and breathless, to feel not and to speak not. I have done my duty, and I have but one request to make: Let no man write my epitaph.

For I am not *mad, I am not mad!*

And this, gentlemen, is what your monument means.
I have finished.

Herman Page, Boston Latin School.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

"Take him up, says the master." — *Old Spelling-book.*

My old schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke," and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters; but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship, — up strokes heavy,

down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it: we certainly never went a stage in education, without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders, and on ours. There was but one tree on the playground, — a birch, but it never had a twig or a leaf upon it. Spring or summer, it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting, at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are good incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line, —

"Arma virumque cano," —

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school-hours, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap, on the flats of our hands, that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as Palm Sunday in our calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing, as others strike for wages. Some of the elder boys, who had read Smollett, christened him Roderick, from his hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him in the following words: "It is all over, Mr. Taddy — I am sinking fast — I am going from the terrestrial globe — to the celestial — and have promised Tompkins a flogging — mind he has it, and don't let him pick off the buds — I have asked Aristotle" (here his head wandered), "and he says, I cannot live an hour — I don't like that black horse grinning at me — cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs — *Oantego to, non quod odio habeam* — O Mr. Taddy! it's breaking up with me — the vacation's coming — there is that black horse again — *Dulcis moriens reminiscitur* — we are short of canes — Mr.

Taddy, don't let the school get in disorder when I am gone — I am afraid through my illness — the boys have gone back in their flogging — I feel a strange feeling all over me — is the new pupil come? I trust I have done my duty — and have made my will — and left all" (here his head wandered again) "to Mr. Souter, the school bookseller — Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral — make the boys walk in good order — and take care of the crossings. My sight is getting dim — write to Mrs. B. at Margate — and inform her — we break up on the twenty-first. The door is left open — I am very cold — where is my ruler gone — I feel — John, light the school-lamps — I cannot see a line — O Mr. Taddy — *venit hora* — my hour is come — I am dying — thou art dying — he is dying. We — are — dying — you are dy" —— The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands as if he was ruling a copy-book — the "*ruling* passion strong in death," — and expired.

An epitaph composed by himself was discovered in his desk, with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek and Latin author beside, that the mason, who was consulted by the widow, declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than HIC JACET; and without a single particle of Greek, though he is himself a Long Homer.

Thomas Hood.

A PIECE OF BUNTING.

ON a Christmas morning, many years ago, I stood upon the deck of a merchantman, in the harbor of Cadiz, in Spain.

The cathedral and convent bells were ringing out their carols, in commemoration of that event, which, two thousand years ago, brought the tidings of peace on earth and goodwill to men; and as I leaned on the taffrail, infused with the glamour of youth, enveloped in the Indian-summer haze of that delicious atmosphere, which predisposes the most stolid to revery, I gazed on the beautiful town, that rose like a city of pearl from the sea, and mused.

I could hardly realize my own identity; that I, a boy

born and reared on the margin of the Great Lakes, was floating on the same waters which had borne the Phœnician fleets three thousand years ago; that I was looking on a city contemporary with Carthage, and which was old before Rome was born. On the distant mountain side I could see the towers of Ronda, where Julius Cæsar had fought a pitched battle, of which he said, that, although he had fought many times for victory, he had fought but once for his life, and here was the spot; and Hannibal had here probably stopped when starting on that march which was to end only in Rome's abasement or her triumph.

I thought of the advent of Christianity, and the dethronement of the idols of Baal; of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and his fateful love; of the coming of the Moors, and of the empire they reared; of the sorrows of Boabdil, the man without a country, — the king without a throne; and as these imaginings floated across my brain as pinnaces before a soft south wind, a strain of music struck upon my ear. As its cadences floated across the tremulous floor of the sea, it sounded wondrously familiar. It was our national hymn. I turned; and there, thank God! our flag was flying at the peak of a man-of-war. A great lump rose in my throat, great drops rolled down my cheeks, I reached out my arms as if to enfold it. What to me were the historic scenes of Spain, and its fables, what its olive groves and acacias, what was Xeres, Saguntum, the Alhambra, or the Guadalquiver? Yet, to one who knew not its significance, it was but a piece of bunting with hues harmoniously blended, not half so attractive as a painting or a landscape; but no Murillo, nor the gardens of Atlantis, could have awakened any such emotions in my breast.

What was it that endowed it with such power? It was the emblem of all I held dear on earth. It was home, country, power, protection, inspiration, restraint, society in solitude, wealth in poverty. From it as from a camera were thrown upon my heart visions of those I loved, of the beautiful city where I was born, of my companions in its streets, of the primeval forests of my State, of its environing lakes, of my country and its happy homes.

Hon. F. W. Palmer.

CHICKEN-TALK.

"I DIDN'T!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
"How do you know? you were fast asleep."
"I was under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like any thing,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound, —
A little tip, and a little tap."
"Diddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
And, when you were half awake,
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What's an icicle?" — "I don't know:
Rooster tells about ice and snow, —
Something that isn't as good as a meal,
That drops down on you, and makes you squeal."
"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
And think you didn't come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
And pushed us farther out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there's your shell, — I say it's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen, —
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown;
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
With the prettiest bill and the blackest eye.
"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
"That's a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly! don't you see,
That shell isn't near as big as me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare
I never, never, could get in there!"

"You did!" says Peep. "I didn't!" says Chip:
With that he gave her a horrid nip.
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck;
They pranced and struck and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,

As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Corking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain:
At it they went with might and main,
Till at last the old hen used her beak,
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
Staggered off on either side,
With a very funny skip and stride.

"What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again:
"You're as bad as the two legs that don't have wings
Nor feathers nor combs — the wretched things!
That's the way they fight and talk
For what isn't worth a mullein-stalk.
What does it matter, I'd like to know,
Where you came from, or where you go?
Keep your temper, and earn your food;
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood;
I won't have quarrels, I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken you ever saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself, "But he *was* an egg!"

PLANCHETTE.

(Time, 1786.)

Come here, Planchette: my good dog, come here.
Your heart beats fast as my own, I fear,
This house close by, where that light gleams so;
An' thoughts of Sue is the cause, I know.
That kiss will do. Now, good dog, keep still,
While I creep up to that window-sill.

Ten years ago, on a night like this,
I pressed Sue's lips with a farewell kiss.
She loved me then, I could tell right well,
By deep drawn sighs, an' the tears that fell.

If now I knew — But, alas! I feel
Dark doubt this night through my bosom steal.
But for these doubts, which portend no good,
I'd walk right in with a shout, I would.

Well said: I look, an' behold! I see
That room about as it used to be.
Unless it is that my eyes see less,
It has not changed in the least, I guess.
All things around look pleasant an' fair —
But hanged if I see that girl in there!

I may find out to my grief an' woe,
That she now sleeps with the dead below.
Or what is worse, or I mostly dread,
She may have changed in these years, an' wed.
I soon shall know; but, listen! I hear
A door-latch lift, an' a footstep near.
Now soon I — ha! By the gods! Look there!
If that sight don't sort of raise my hair!
Two forms I see. One is Sue, an' one —
Alas! Planchette, I'm a man undone.
My heart in here surges to and fro
Like some wild sea when the hard winds blow.

Come here, Planchette: my good dog, come here.
Your master's heart is askew, I fear.
Place your feet — so, on this window-sill,
An' look right in; but, good dog, keep still.
Do you — eh? what? Look you here, I say.
You act, you do, in a durned pleased way.
What is there, dog, in their looks you see
To make you turn in this way from me?

Do you forget, when the stars shone bright
As those up there in the sky to-night,
How on this porch she swore to be mine,
Till those same stars should forget to shine?
An' you stood close in the shadows here,
An' heard each word, an' discerned each tear?
Do you forget all the nights in camp,
I've talked to you as to her, you scamp?

An' for reply heard the hootin' owl,
The night winds sigh, an' the wild wolf howl?
Do you forget all the nights I've lain
In camp asleep, through the dew an' rain,
An' dreamed of her an' this lamp-lit room,
While you stood guard in the midnight gloom?
An' now, I say, since she's proved untrue,
Can you act pleased in this way, — *can* you?

See! now they sit on the lounge where I
Once sat with her in the days gone by;
Right there she promised to be my bride;
An' now that chap is her joy an' pride.
The hand I held, an' the lips I prest,
Have gone to him, an' love with the rest.
An' now — ha! — look! Did you see that kiss?
I'll shoot that chap if my shot don't miss.

No, no, Planchette! Don't pull me away.
Let go my sleeve. Do you hear, I say?
That chap shall die. I mean it, I do;
An' now look out, or I may shoot you.
Do you hear me? Don't you see I'm mad?
If so, look out. You'd better — you had.
Let — *go*, I say! What! you won't — *won't* you?
Then I'll shoot wild though the shot kills Sue.
'Tis strange, you cur, that to-night — Ha! see!
They rise alarmed, they listen, they flee.
They've heard my voice, all this hue an' cry;
And you — you brute, you did it, so — die!

. . . . . .

Yes! I'm Jim Woods. An' Planchette — that's he.
I've killed that dog in your place, you see.
Jim! Yes, I'm Jim. Can't you hear — can't you?
I say, I'm Jim! the betrothed of Sue.
Eh? What? What's that? Her brother? You lie
'Tis true, you say? Then swear it, or die.
You swear it, — *you?* What! are you that chap
That once I used to hold in my lap?

You that — Good God! now I know, I do,
Just why it was that Planchette saved you.
He knew your face. Yes, he did, poor dog.
An' he lies there dead, — dead as a log.
And you are Joe. Poor Planchette! too bad!
Well, I'd forgot that you lived, I had.

David Hill.

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

[The "Mount of the Holy Cross," the principal mountain of the Saguache Range, Colorado, is 14,176 feet above tide-water. The Cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow summer and winter. The crevices are about fifty feet wide, and the snow in them from fifty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the Cross is some 1,500 feet long, and the horizontal arm 700 feet. The Cross can be seen at a distance of thirty or forty miles.]

THE ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly born continent burst into view:
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God,
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod;
And their towering summits in mighty array
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact of mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born;
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn;
The sun from the trembling sea marshalled the mist
Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed;
And the Winter-king reached from his cloud-castled height
To hang on each brow its first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then rose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side:
"O soul of my soul, by the sun led astray!
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain;

O loved of my bosom, O child of the free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee!"

But a sound like all melodies mingled in one,
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun;
Like the music from far-distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air and ocean were hushed in the spell:
"Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm:
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

"'Twas mine to create them, 'tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land:
All, all are my creatures; and they who would give
True worship to me must for each other live.
Lo! I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and of sea, —
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this."

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard:
The land from its solid foundation was stirred;
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock, —
One hand pointing south where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chimes of Nature its advent was rung;
Around it the hair of the Winter-king curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled;
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's cold breast
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

Then the spirit of Summer came up from the south,
With the smile of the Junes on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valleys, the plains, and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills;

The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It cannot grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn.
While heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews.
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands o'er the plains of the Nile;
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore;
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise,
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part, —
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

James G. Clark

COLD WATER.

Some sing the peaceful pleasures of the plains,
While other bards invoke the groves and woods;
But I, enamoured of incessant rains,
Will make my theme cold water and the floods.

Let others sit beneath the leafy shade,
While murmuring breezes softly float about;
But I in purling brooks delight to wade,
Or stand beneath some friendly water-spout.

'Tis sweet the nectar of the gods to quaff,
And very pleasant is the rosy wine;
Refreshing is the taste of "half-and-half:"
But of all drinks cold water shall be mine.

The verdant turf is grateful to the feet,
And some recline upon the mossy vale;
But smoothest lawns yield not so soft a seat
As that afforded by a well-filled pail.

Before another century has fled,
Water! thy virtues none will dare deny:
Posterity will humbly bare its head,
When thou in rain descendest from the sky.

The workman, when his daily labor's done,
Eager alike for luxury and rest,
Will to his water-butt impatient run,
The spigot turn — lie under — and be blest!

No longer to the couch will idlers fly,
When the siesta they would fain invite;
But 'neath the pump will indolently lie
While lackeys work away with all their might.

No more will builders try their utmost skill,
As now, to render houses waterproof;
But all their tiles in little holes they'll drill,
And make a shower-bath in every roof.

Economists will search in every street
For friendly water-spouts supplied with rain;
Where, gratis, they may with the luxury meet —
Ay, luxury! — of water on the brain.

No more shall watering-pots their blessings shed
Alone on vegetables, fruit, and flowers;
But man, reclining on a water-bed,
Shall be refreshed by gently falling showers.

Umbrellas, also, will be only known
By specimens in old museums seen,
Which, as barbaric relics, will be shown
Of customs curious that once had been.

And when 'tis read in history's faithful page,
That pickpockets were pumped on, now and then,
Our children will despise a foolish age,
That so much honored such unworthy men.

Then hail! all hail! to hydropathic skill,
Upon whose principles it stands confessed,
That he who cisterns vast will freely swill,
May dropsy cure — or water on the chest.

For nauseous drugs no use there soon will be;
For salts, magnesia, senna, no pretence;
Dispensing chemists, all men will agree
To view as things with which they can dispense.

Physic to agriculture they'll apply,
And write prescriptions for a sickly crop;
With fever mixtures, when the land's too dry,
Inflammatory action they will stop.

In every farm, so modern *savants* say,
A chemist will be always needed near;
For, if the corn unhealthiness display,
He'll dose it for diseases of the ear.

TIPPERARY.

These lines are said to have been addressed to a Dr. Fitzgerald, on reading the following couplet in his apostrophe to his native village: —

"And thou! dear village, loveliest of the clime,
Fain would I name thee, but I'm scant in rhyme."

A BARD there was in sad quandary,
To find a rhyme for Tipperary.
Long labored he through January,
Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary;
Toiled every day in February,
But toiled in vain for Tipperary;
Searched Hebrew text and commentary,
But searched in vain for Tipperary;
Bored all his friends at Inverary,
To find a rhyme for Tipperary;
Implored the aid of "Paddy Carey,"
Yet still no rhyme for Tipperary;
He next besought his mother Mary,
To tell him rhyme for Tipperary;

But she, good woman, was no fairy,
Nor witch — though born in Tipperary;
Knew every thing about her dairy,
But not the rhyme for Tipperary;
The stubborn Muse he could not vary,
For still the lines would run contrary,
Whene'er he thought on Tipperary;
And though of time he was not chary,
'Twas thrown away on Tipperary;
Till, of his wild-goose chase most weary,
He vowed to leave out Tipperary;
But, no: the theme he might not vary,
His longing was not temporary,
To find meet rhyme for Tipperary;
He sought among the gay and airy,
He pestered all the military,
Committed many a strange vagary,
Bewitched, it seemed, by Tipperary.
He wrote post-haste to Darby Leary,
Besought with tears his Auntie Sairie,
But sought he far, or sought he near, he
Ne'er found a rhyme for Tipperary.
He travelled sad through Cork and Kerry,
He drove "like mad" through sweet Dunbary,
Kicked up a precious tantar-ara,
But found no rhyme for Tipperary;
Lived fourteen weeks at Straw-ar-ara,
Was well-nigh lost in Glenegary,
Then started "slick" for Demerara,
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Through "Yankee-land," sick, solitary,
He roamed by forest, lake, and prairie —
He went *per terrem et per mare* —
But found no rhyme for Tipperary.
Through orient climes on dromedary,
On camel's back through great Sahara —
His travels were extraordinary —
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Fierce as a gorgon or chimæra,
Fierce as Alecto or Megæra,
Fiercer than e'er a love-sick bear, he
Raged through "the londe" of Tipperary;
His cheeks grew thin, and wondrous hairy,

His visage long, his aspect "eerie,"
His *tout ensemble*, faith! 'twould scare ye,
Amidst the wilds of Tipperary.
Becoming hypochon-dri-ary,
He sent for his apothecary,
Who ordered "balm" and saponary,—
Herbs rare to find in Tipperary.
In his potations ever wary,
His choicest drink was "home gooseberry."
On swipes, skim-milk, and smallest beer, he
Scanted rhyme for his Tipperary.
Had he imbibed good old Madeira,
Drank "pottle-deep" of golden sherry,
Of Falstaff sack, or ripe canary,
No rhyme had lacked for Tipperary.
Or had his tastes been literary,
He might have found extemporary,
Without the aid of dictionary,
Some fitting rhyme for Tipperary.
Or had he been an antiquary,
Burnt midnight oil in his library,
Or been of temper less "camsteary,"
Rhymes had not lacked for Tipperary.
He paced about his aviary,
Blew up sky-high his secretary,
And then in truth and anger sware he,
There was no rhyme for Tipperary.

"WILLIE."

"ONLY a fireman!" Did I hear them aright?
My hearing ain't good. Did I make a mistake?
I'm a leetle bit narvous, I reckon, to-night:
I must have been dreaming, so I'll just keep awake.

Yes, some one is talking out there by the gate:
I knew I heard voices, but what can it mean?
For there's no one that comes here to see me of late,
That is, as they used to when I was sixteen.

There's a knock at the door; I tremble for fear
That somethin' is wrong. And they're knockin' again:
Now jist wait a minit — is it you, Willie dear?
I can't hurry, child, for my knee is so lame.

Yes, yes! granny's comin'. What's that? not a sob?
The bolt seems to stick, 'tis so rusty and worn.
Mercy! four men — one other — O God!
And dead on their shoulders, all mangled and torn!

O Willie, my child! Ah, his poor eyes are shut.
Lay him down gently on granny's soft bed:
I can't see his face so blackened with smut,
But his long silken curls fall like gold from his head.

You found him alive, but just breathing his last,
And you gave him some water. He spoke, did you say
Poor little Willie! You just heard him gasp, —
"Give granny my love, and tell her to pray!"

Over the roof, 'mid the hot burning pile
Down through the skylight you saw my boy fight,
Heeding no voice, but the screams of a child
Leading him on through the flames in the night.

Ah! I see it all, — the fall and the crash,
The battle with death; the heat and the smoke!
He dying below from that horrible gash,
And the long, heavy beam lying over his throat!

Dead! only a boy with the soul of a man;
O brave young heart! No coward is he
That dies for another. Deny it who can!
He will find heaven if heaven there be.

How well I remember, in days long ago,
My golded-haired Willie creeping up to my side,
Asking why mamma staid out 'neath the snow;
And I lay on the floor with *her* baby, and cried.

But I can't drop a tear now: my heart is like ice;
A brand of fire seems scorching my brain.
O God! you have taken away his young life,
And left me behind, old, useless, and lame.

'Twas only this morning he kissed me good-by
Down at the gate — he would never miss one.
He always loved granny. I wish I could cry.
Only nineteen, and his life's work is done!

And so I'm alone, — alone with my dead.
The shadows come darkly, and play round his form,
While I must live on — oh, horrible dread!
When all that I love have left me and gone.

"Only a fireman!" they said as they passed;
Only a pain at my heart and my head;
Only two lives that have parted at last.
Only a fireman?
But 'tis Willie, my boy, that is dead!

C. Edwin Dudley.

MIDDLERIB'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the "Praeger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt," a German paper which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say any thing: he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears, and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air; but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew, that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred-pound man off the clover could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime, Master Middlerib agreed to procure several; to wit, six bees, age not specified: but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble-bees. Mr. M. did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for; and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home; and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat-pocket, and went into the house, eying everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom; and, as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said, —

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up" —

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar, —

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten any thing that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said, — "Why, pa!" And Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry.

Under various false pretences, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly, — very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said, if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing, and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments, he reached out, and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle-full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind-leg, as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say: he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee, and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered, that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound; and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism-liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

In the mean time, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquillize them, were crawling aim-

lessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled, and his heart frozen, by a wild, piercing scream, from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end.

The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste, — "where in the world are them infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and then went for his marrow, and said calmly, — "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared, —

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott! somebody take him off!"

And, when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib, and the servants, were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room; and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more

lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

R. J. Burdette.

THE WISDOM OF ALI.

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said, "I am wisdom's fortress, but the gate
Thereof is Ali." Wherefore, some who heard
With unbelieving jealousy were stirred;
And, that they might confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.
"Let us then unto Ali go," they said.
"And ask if wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then if he reply
To each of us in thought accordantly,
And yet to none in speech or phrase the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."
Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
These were the words which Ali straightway spake: —

"Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes."

Unto the second he said, "Thyself must be
Guard to thy wealth, but wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third, "By wisdom wealth is won,
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth, "Thy goods the thief may take,
But into wisdom's house he cannot break."

Unto the fifth, "Thy goods decrease the more
Thou givest, but use enlarges wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth, "Wealth tempts to evil ways,
But the desire of wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh, "Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart

Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, and yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth, "Wealth cannot keep itself,
But wisdom is the steward even of pelf."

Unto the ninth, "The camels slowly bring
Thy goods, but wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake:
"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear,
But wisdom is a lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame, the questioners withdrew;
And they declared, "The Prophet's words were true:
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of wisdom."
When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled, and said, "And should they ask
The same unto my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

Bayard Taylor.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

The winter sunlight sparkling falls on Regnalt's gloomy rocks,
Where wild waves toss in angry mass, and beat with thunderous shocks;
And high above, with piercing calls, the gray gulls circling fly,
Showing like wraiths against the clear deep purple of the sky.

The cold winds whistle from the north, the bay is white with foam;
Above the sunken reefs the great fierce ocean-rollers comb;
And far away like gleaming bars, near the horizon line,
The reefed and straining topsails of a nearing vessel shine.

She bears from distant Orient lands a rich and fragrant
store;
For many leagues her course has run far out from every
shore;
And now, beyond the gloomy mass of rocks so loud with
sound,
Are home, and rest, and sweet reward, and love with glory
crowned.

The great winds tug the hempen sail; yet nearer home she
draws,
Till close along the shining beach she feels the heavy flaws,
Where, opening from the wooded north, the sloping valley
shows
The withered brown of meadows wide, just frosted o'er with
snows.

Before her lies the foaming bay; before, the reef foam-white;
And swift she dashes through the spray that gleams so sharp
and bright;
Her crew can see the light-house tower that marks the har-
bor's mouth;
And lower, lower grows the cloud-line lying in the south.

They hear, blown outward from the land, the chiming of the
bells,
Whose merry tone of Christmas cheer and Christmas greet-
ing tells;
And watch the coast, till, shooting up above the tossing seas,
They see the tapering spires of home rise through the
orchard-trees.

Then, with a roar that sounded high along the surf, that
rolled
Among the rocks and on the beach, a mass of broken gold,
The fierce squall broke, and with a crash the masts were
flung a wreck,
While savage waves with shouts of glee surge through the
riven deck.

A cry, a prayer; and with a crash that chilled the bravest
soul,
The stout ship drove upon the reef, where with unceasing
roll

The breakers rush, and, as they lash her sides, tear swift
away
The oaken bulwarks, bearing these far up the narrowing
bay.

Shivering and numb the sailors cling to cordage cold and
dank,
While swiftly parts the breaking hull, torn roughly plank
from plank.
Ah! who will breast the tossing seas, the winds that wildly
rage?
Who with the ocean's mighty wrath will desperate battle
wage?

The fishermen look out and groan, the women wring their
hands;
A silence falls upon the bells, black seem the sunlit lands;
Then, with a courage grand and high as that whose light
sublime
From Judæa's mount shines brightly down the centuries of
time, —

A woman came: "My sweetheart sails in yonder ship," she
cried;
"And if this be the day of death, my place is by his side.
Shove out the boat, and clear the line: my Christmas Day
will be
Spent with my love alive or dead, on land or in the sea."

They launched the boat. The bitter wind blew keenly from
the beach,
And swiftly bore the little craft across the foaming reach,
To where the reef was white and drear; and soon they see
her fling
The line that is the hope of life, where cold the sailors cling.

Quick through the spray the hawser runs, and hearts grow
glad again;
The life-boats now are in the surf, and manned with sturdy
men;
And, wrested from the mighty sea, the sailors slowly come
To meet the light and love and joy that call the wanderer
home.

Once more the bells are loud and glad, and ring a merry chime,
And all the world grows fair and bright with light of Christmas time;
And never happier, prouder maid was seen in all the land,
Than she who braved the stormy sea to clasp her sweetheart's hand.

Thomas S. Collier.

MR. COLLINS'S CROQUET-SET.

CROQUET, that eminently fascinating game, was introduced on the premises of the Collinses Friday. In the afternoon Podge's boy brought up the set, and just before tea Mrs. Collins arranged the wickets. Collins had learned to play when visiting in Glovershire, last summer; and Mrs. Collins acquired an indifferent knowledge of the game from two elderly maiden sisters in Praxton Street. And so on that delicious Friday afternoon they took out their mallets and balls, and commenced the game.

"Now, Emeline," playfully observed Mr. Collins, "don't you begin cheating at the start. If you do, the game will be prostituted to mere gambling, an' we'll injure our moral natures in trying to build up our physical."

"People who are so ready to charge against others may need close watching themselves, young man," said she, in the same spirit; "and I mean to keep a sharp eye on you."

Then they both laughed.

"But it will be a good thing for you," he said, with a tinge of tenderness in his voice: "you are kept cooped up in the house so that you hardly get a breath of fresh air. This will give you exercise, and keep you out doors too."

"You are always thinking of me," said she, as her eyes grew moist. "You need the out-door air as much as I do, but you are too unselfish to think of yourself."

And thus exchanging sentiments which did credit to both their hearts, the game progressed.

After passing through the centre wicket, Mr. Collins used her balls to help himself through the other wicket to the upper stake. Then he left her near the first wicket, and struck for the stake, which, being about eight inches distant, made him confident. The ball missed by about an eighth of an inch.

"I declare!" he exclaimed in vexation.

Then she, having watched his rapid progress, now struck, for him, and hit him; and a minute later his ball was spinning through the grass to the other end of the ground. She was now in position for her wicket, and passed through it and the others to the stake, but missed it. Then he came up by a well-directed blow to within two inches of the stake. But she went for him again, and when she got through she was three wickets beyond the stake, and his ball was at the other end of the ground again, and his brow was finely corrugated. He stepped nervously toward it. It was quite evident that he was not unruffled. When his turn came again he drove back to the stake, but struck a wicket, and rebounded so close to her that she easily hit him, and again introduced him through wickets he was not for, and then sent him flying again. Her success caused her to laugh, and he heard it.

"You think you are pretty smart, but I'll get even with you," he said, without smiling.

"You'll have to play better than you have done," she pertinently suggested.

"I think I know as much about croquet as you do," he said, still with a straight face. "If you had any fairness about you, you'd let me have that stroke over when I was up to the stake. You knew I slipped as well as I did," he said, growing red in the face.

"No, I didn't know any thing about it," she replied, taking on a little color.

"I say you did."

"And I say I didn't. But if you are going to play this game, why don't you go ahead?"

"I'll play when I get ready," he answered, turning white about the mouth.

"If you ain't going to play, you'd better go into the house and shut up," she suggested, raising her voice.

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cried, "or I'll make you sorry for it, you brazen-faced hussy."

"Hussy! hussy!" she screamed. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, John Jacob Collins, to call your wife a hussy? Hussy, am I, you villain! Hussy, is it, you miserable brute! I'm to be called a hussy, am I, after working my knuckles off for you, and slaving for thirty years! There!" she cried, in a paroxysm, throwing the mallet on the ground, "take

your old croquet, and shove it down your throat, and choke yourself to death with it, if you want to. And don't you ever ask me to play with you again, or I'll tell you something you'll remember the longest day you live."

And then she bounced into the house, leaving him standing there and rubbing his head in a benumbed sort of way. But almost immediately after she thrust her head out of the window, and snapped out, —

"You needn't think you are going to get any hot biscuit for your tea in this house this night, young man; and you can put that in your pipe, and smoke it, just as soon as you have a mind to."

THE GRIDIRON.

THE CAPTAIN, PATRICK, AND THE FRENCHMAN.

Patrick. Well, captain, whereabouts in the wide world *are* we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or the Jarmant Oceant?

Captain. Tut, you fool! it's France.

Patrick. Tare an' ouns! do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France, captain dear?

Captain. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay when the vessel was wrecked.

Patrick. Throth, I was thinkin' so myself. And now, captain jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Captain. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Patrick. Because I'm starving with hunger, captain dear.

Captain. Surely you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Patrick. Ate a gridiron! bad luck to it! no. But if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefsteak.

Captain. Yes; but where's the beefsteak, Patrick?

Patrick. Sure, couldn't we cut it off the pork?

Captain. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick. (*Laughing.*)

Patrick. There's many a thrue word said in joke, captain. And now, if you will go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the wrack, I'll go to the house there beyant, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Captain. But, Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Patrick. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furriner myself as any o' them?

Captain. What do you mean, Patrick?

Patrick. Parley voo frongsay?

Captain. Oh! you understand French, then, is it?

Patrick. Throth, you may say that, captain dear.

Captain. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I'll be back with the pork in a minute.

[*He goes out.*

Patrick. Ay, sure enough, I'll be civil to them; for the Frinch are always mighty p'lite intirely, and I'll show them I know what good manners is. Indade, and here comes munseer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the Frenchman enters, Patrick takes off his hat, and, making a low bow, says:*) God save you, sir, and all your children. I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but it's only being in disthress in regard of ating, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman (*staring at him*). Comment!

Patrick. Indade, it's thrue for you. I'm tathered to paces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by rason of the storm that dhruv us ashore jist here, and we're all starvin'.

Frenchman. Je m'y t — (*pronounced* zhe meet).

Patrick. Oh! not at all! by no manes! we have plenty of mate ourselves, and we'll dhress it, if you'd be plased jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir. (*Making a low bow.*)

Frenchman (*staring at him, but not understanding a word*).

Patrick. I beg pardon, sir; but maybe I'm undher a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. Ain't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The Frenchman stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) I know it's a liberty I take, sir, but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Patrick. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you'll obleege me?

Frenchman. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur,—

Patrick (*angrily*). By my sowl, if it was you was in distress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain. Can't you understand your own language? (*Very slowly.*) Parley — voo — frongsay — munseer?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur; oui, monsieur, mais —

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say, and bad scram to you.

Frenchman (*bowing and scraping*). Monsieur, je ne l'entend —

Patrick. Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your *long tongs!* I don't want a tongs at all, at all. Can't you listen to rason?

Frenchman. Oui, oui, monsieur: certainement, mais —

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate. (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if to say he did not understand; but Patrick, thinking he meant it as a refusal, says, in a passion*): Bad cess to the likes o' you! Throth, if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you. The curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner! The divil another word I'll say to you. (*The Frenchman puts his hand on his heart, and tries to express compassion in his countenance.*) Well, I'll give you one chance more, you owld thafe! Are you a Christhian, at all, at all? Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you! Do you understand your mother tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Patrick. Then, thunder and turf! will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and Pat says vehemently:*) The curse of the hungry be on you, you owld negarly villain! the back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself yet! And wherever I go, it's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of it, and be hanged to you!

William B. Fowle.

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